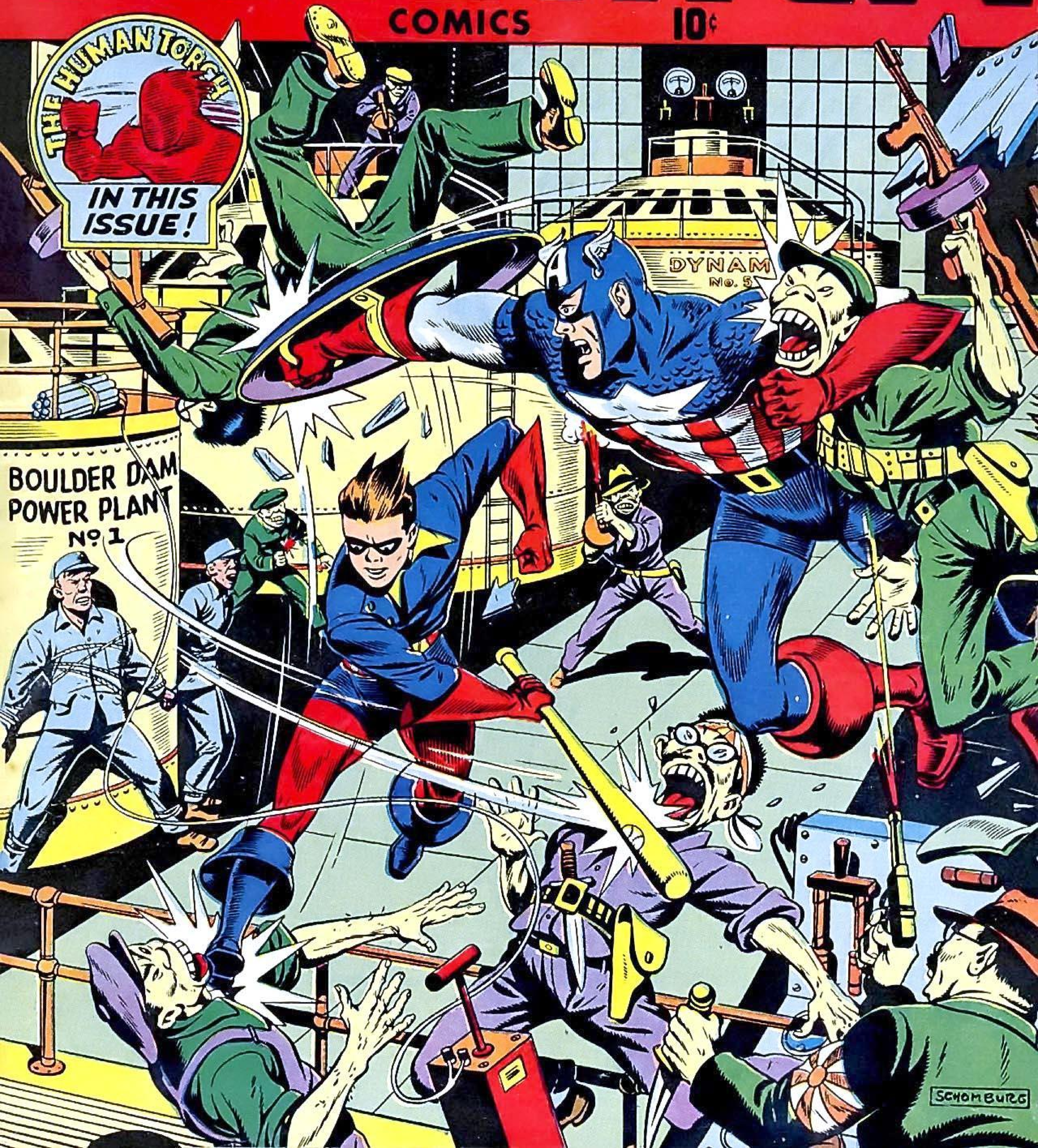
CAPTAIN AMERICA

COMICS

NO. 39

JUNE

10¢


THE HUMAN TORCH
IN THIS ISSUE!
DYNAM
No. 5
BOULDER DAM
POWER PLANT
Nº 1
SCHOMBURG

"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A *MIGHTY* BODY using my quick, easy methods,"

says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that packs a punch — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!

1
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
4
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
5
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM. This book shows you how to develop a pair of [illegible] biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development. Illustrated and explained as you like them.

2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK. Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square your shoulders with the enviable military spread.

3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST. Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy with scores of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, "bird-like," spavined or flabby chest, he will show you how to transform it so that you will be proud to show it off!

4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP. A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with tense sinewy cables? Fingers strong as steel [illegible]. A hand like an iron vise [illegible].

5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS. Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for these and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by [illegible] inches, his calves by [illegible] inches by this simple, unbeatable method! He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT

A. PASSARONT

Jowett trained athlete who was [illegible] first prize winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS

Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

FREE!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions."

Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

Send for These FIVE FAMOUS COURSES NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH

Formerly $5 each

ALL 5 for $1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for $5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only $1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

"Think of it—all five of these famous muscle-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett "Champion of Champions"

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. [illegible] New York City

Send me the JOWETT Course-Books checked below. If not delighted, I may return them [illegible] in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ I enclose $ [illegible] Send books checked, postage prepaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $ [illegible] plus a few cents postage. (No order less than $1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR $1
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm 25c
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back 25c
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest 25c
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip 25c
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs 25c
☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME .... AGE ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE ....

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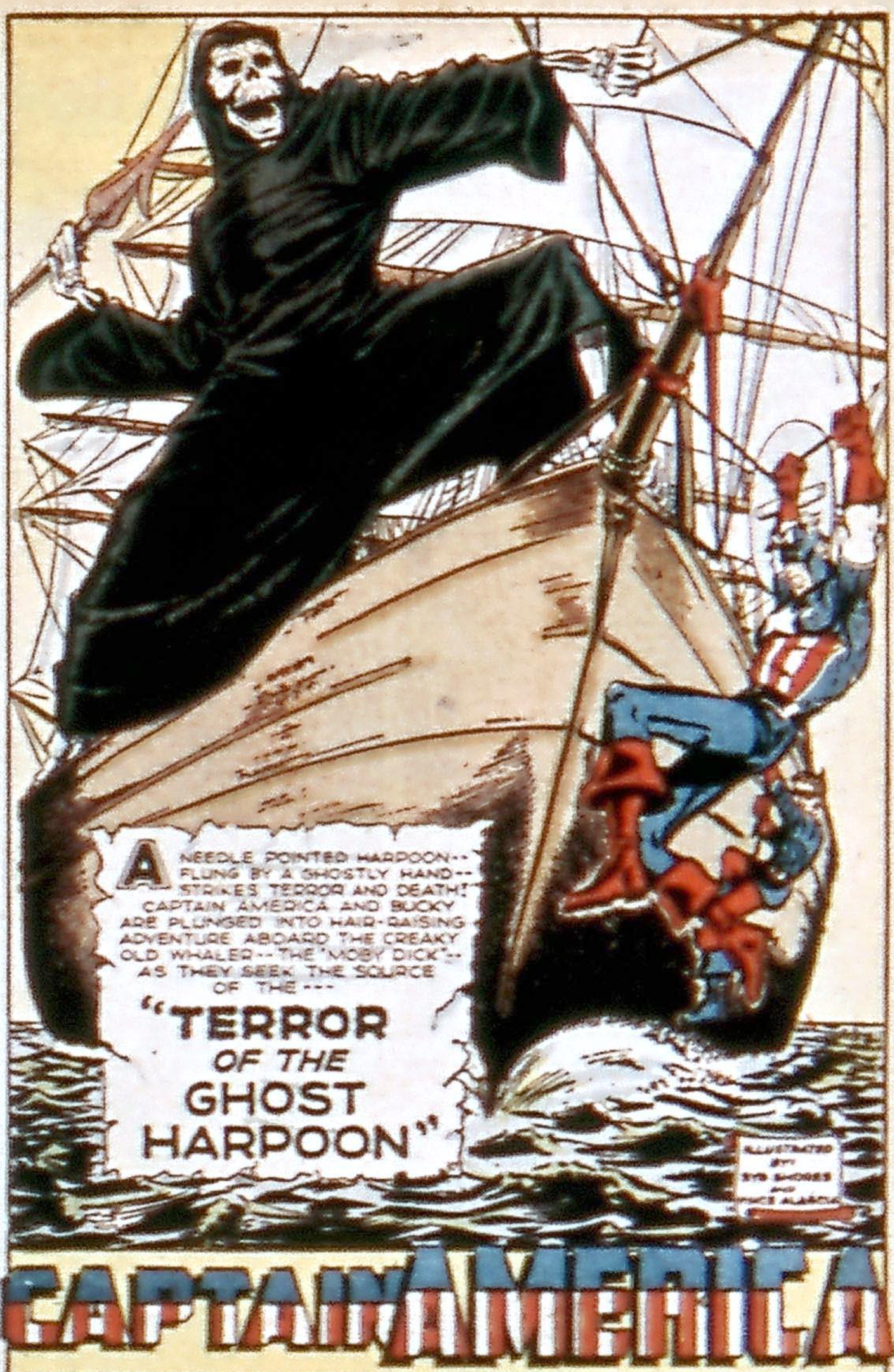
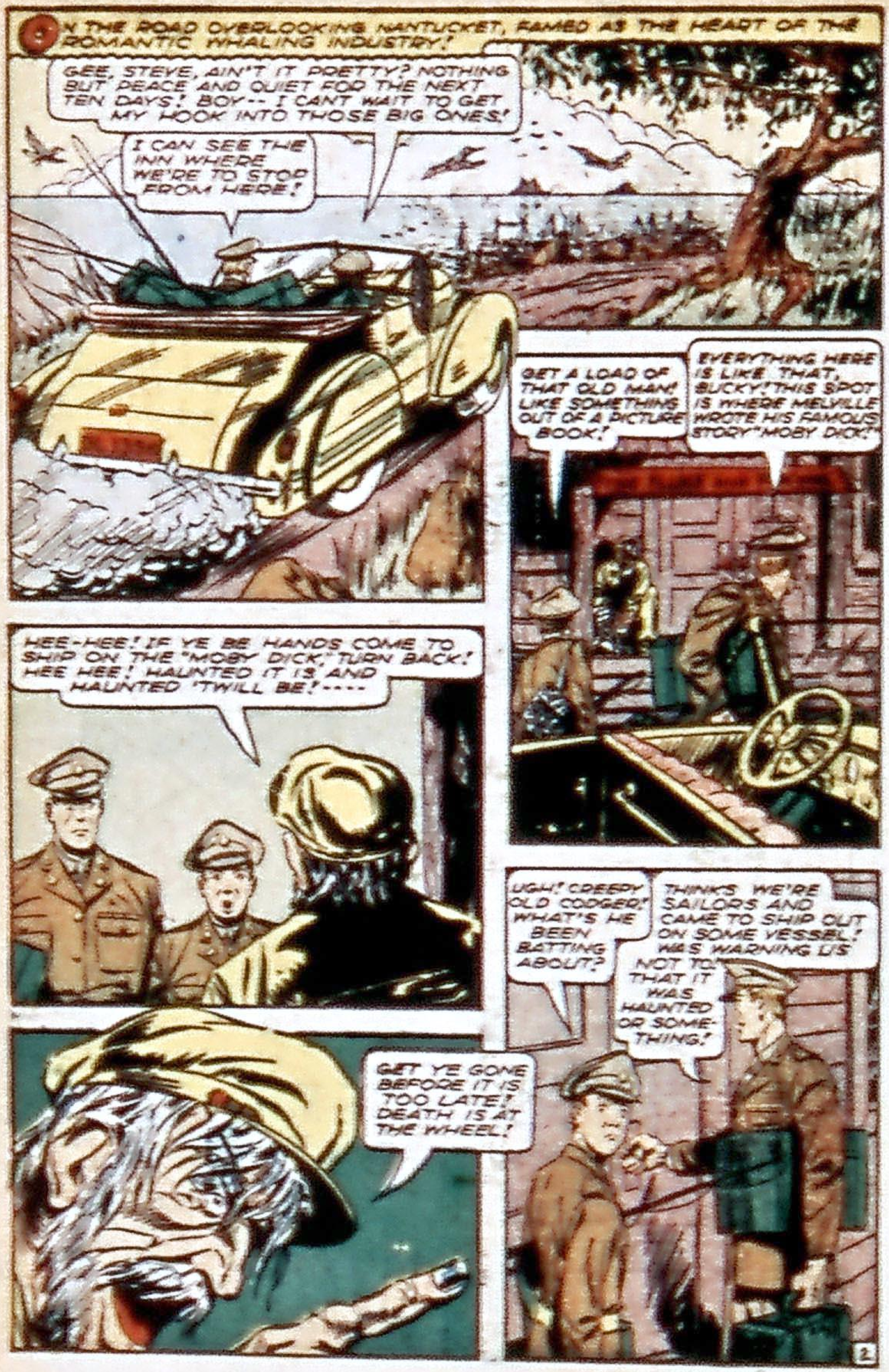
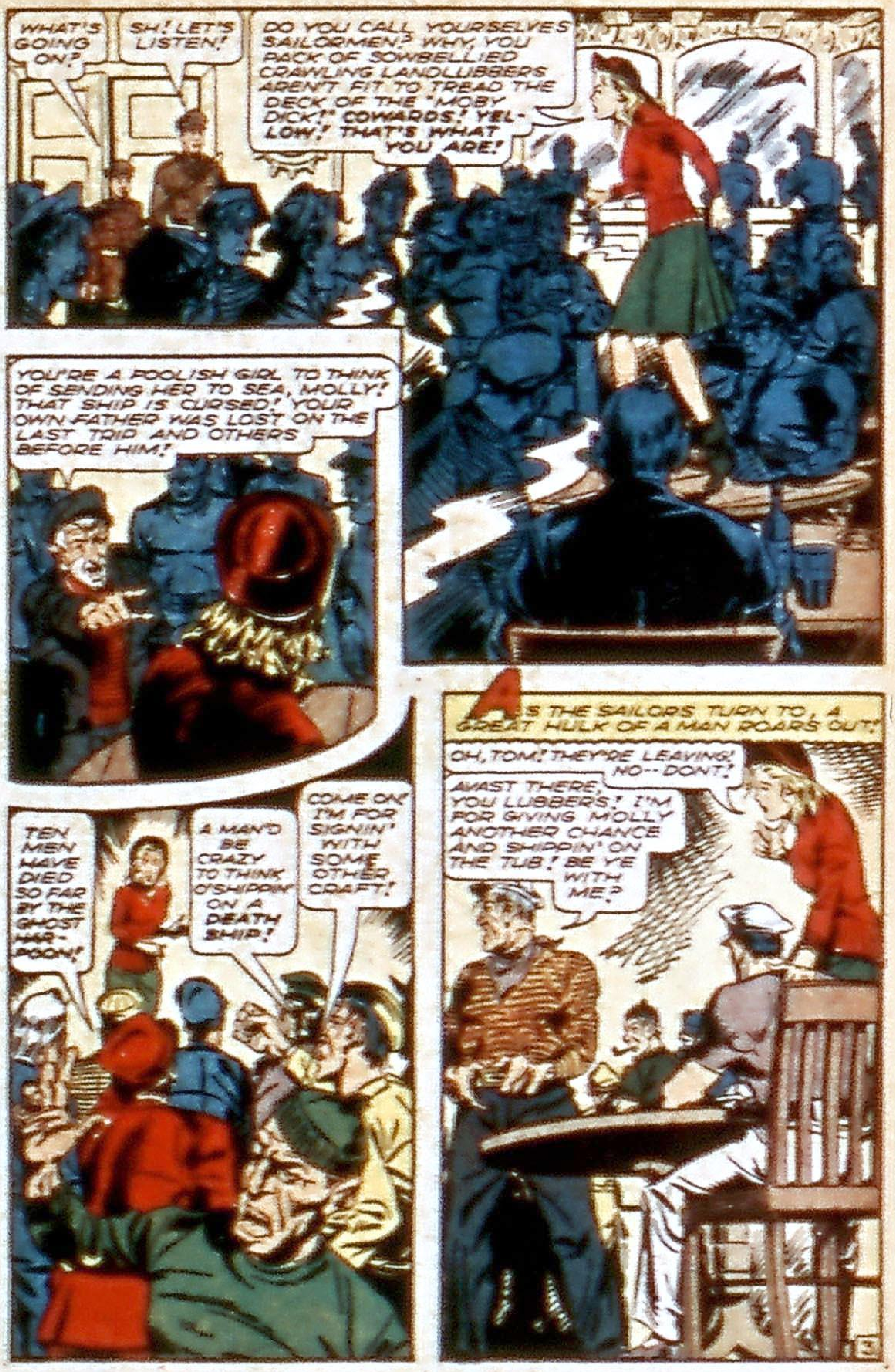
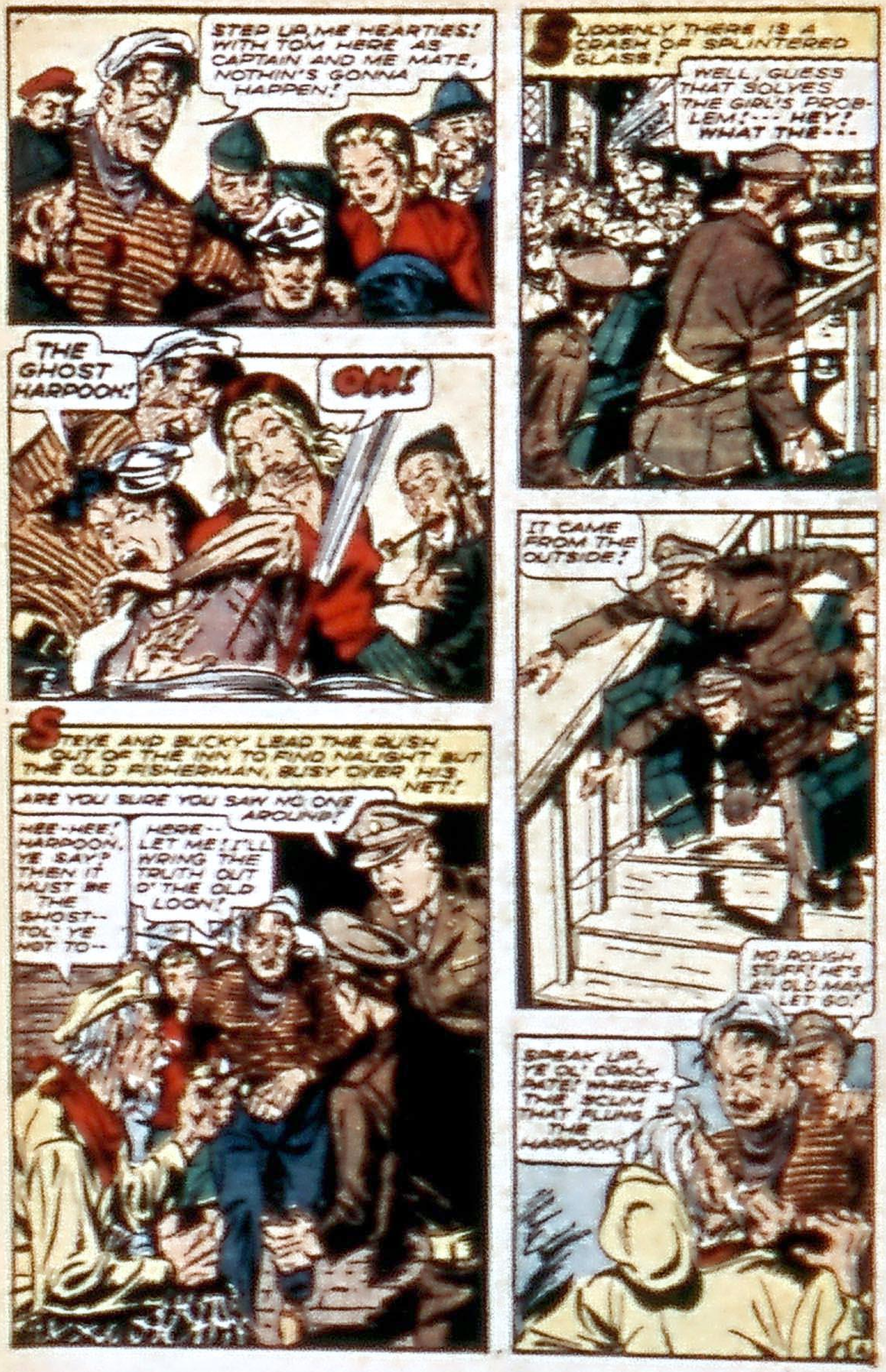
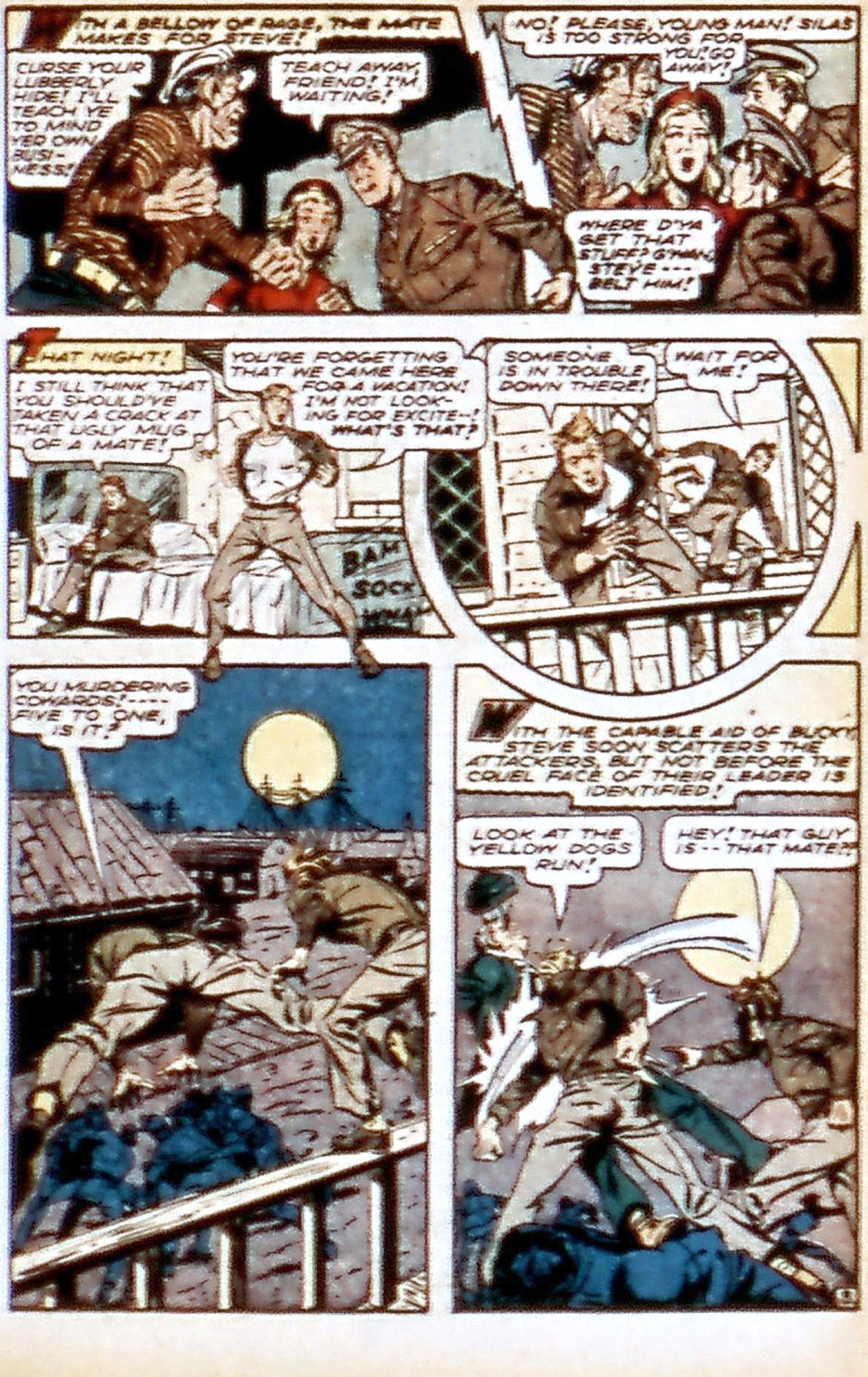
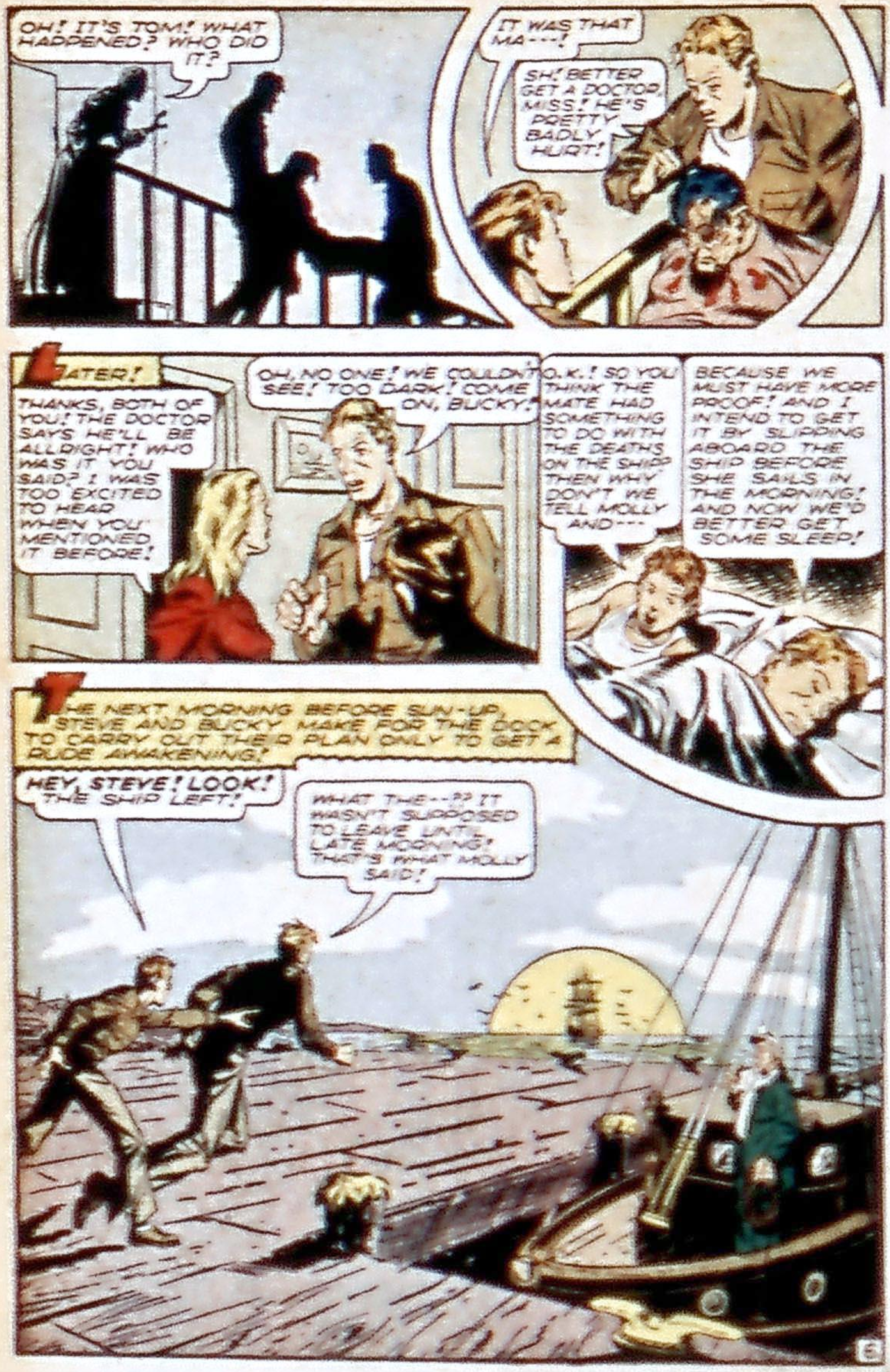

A NEEDLE POINTED HARPOON--FLUNG BY A GHOSTLY HAND--STRIKES TERROR AND DEATH! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE PLUNGED INTO HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE ABOARD THE CREAKY OLD WHALER--THE "MOBY DICK"--AS THEY SEEK THE SOURCE OF THE---
"TERROR OF THE GHOST HARPOON"
ILLUSTRATED BY SYD SHORES AND VINCE ALASCIA
CAPTAIN AMERICA

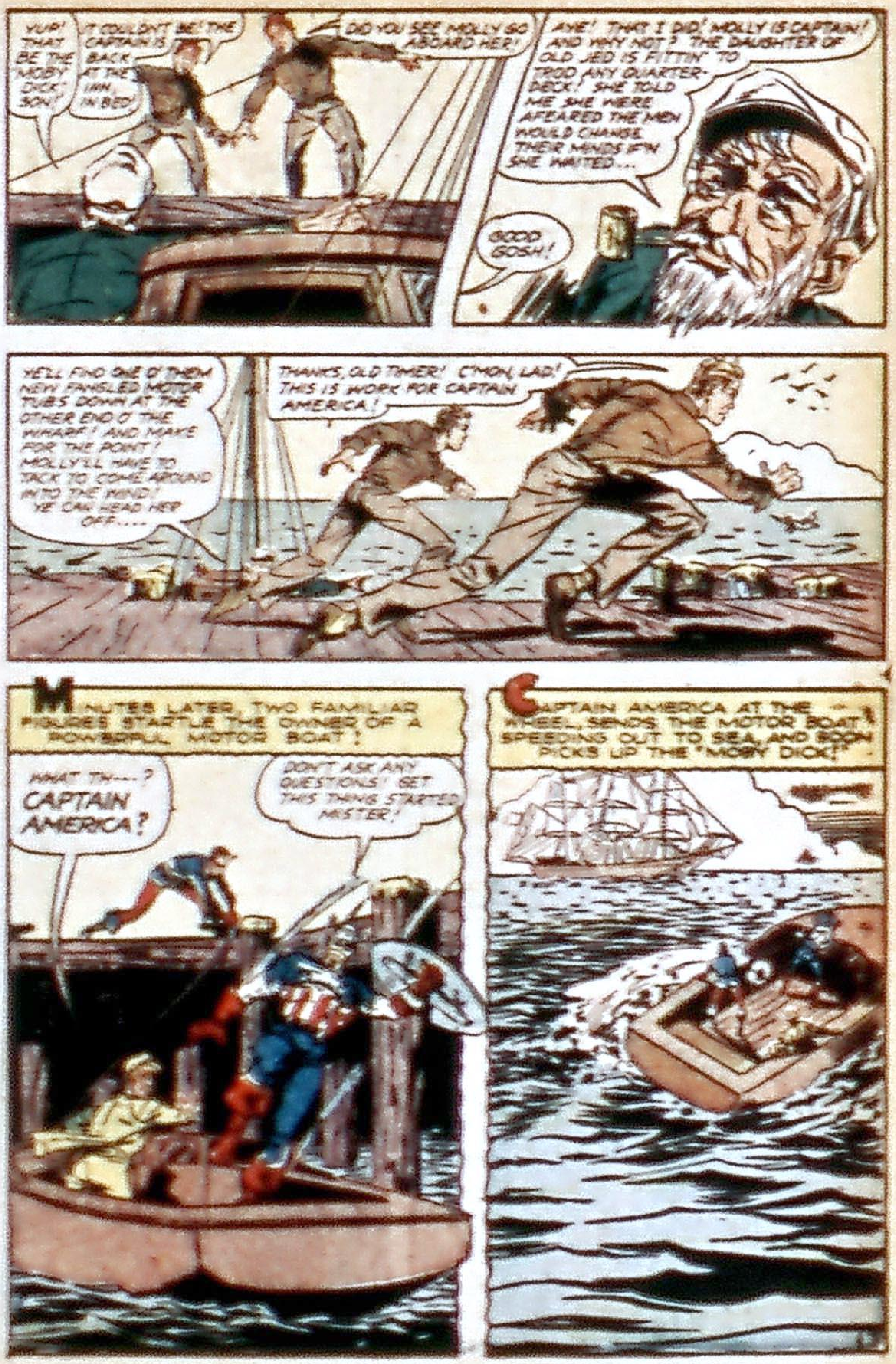

ON THE ROAD OVERLOOKING NANTUCKET, FAMED AS THE HEART OF THE ROMANTIC WHALING INDUSTRY!
GEE, STEVE, AIN'T IT PRETTY? NOTHING BUT PEACE AND QUIET FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS! BOY-- I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY HOOK INTO THOSE BIG ONES!
I CAN SEE THE INN WHERE WE'RE TO STOP FROM HERE!
GET A LOAD OF THAT OLD MAN! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A PICTURE BOOK!
EVERYTHING HERE IS LIKE THAT, BUCKY! THIS SPOT IS WHERE MELVILLE WROTE HIS FAMOUS STORY "MOBY DICK!"
HEE-HEE! IF YE BE HANDS COME TO SHIP ON THE "MOBY DICK," TURN BACK! HEE HEE! HAUNTED IT IS, AND HAUNTED 'TWILL BE!----
GET YE GONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! DEATH IS AT THE WHEEL!
UGH! CREEPY OLD CODGER! WHAT'S HE BEEN BATTING ABOUT?
THINKS WE'RE SAILORS AND CAME TO SHIP OUT ON SOME VESSEL! WAS WARNING US NOT TO! THAT IT WAS HAUNTED OR SOMETHING!
2

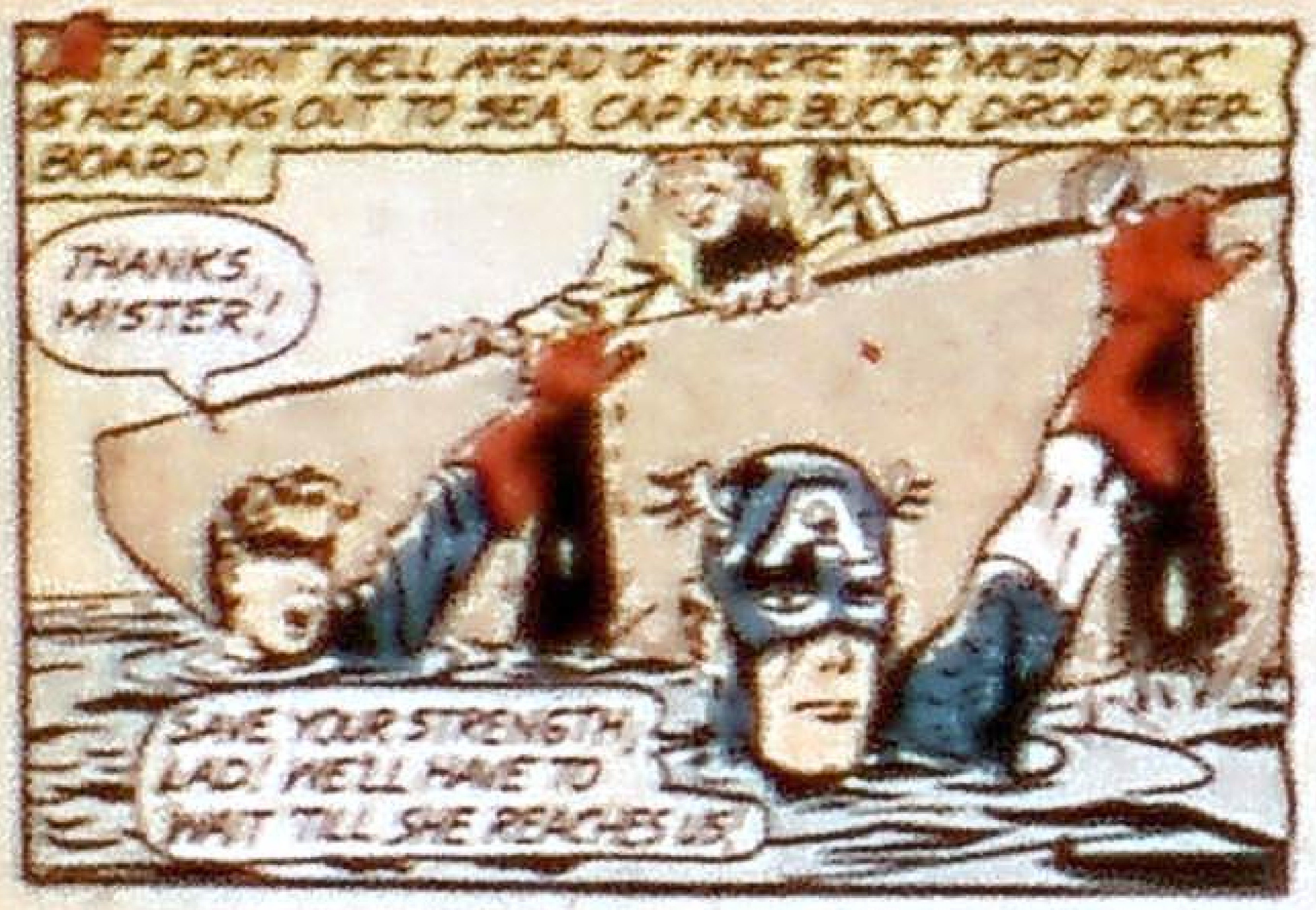

WHAT'S GOING ON?
SH! LET'S LISTEN!
DO YOU CALL YOURSELVES SAILORMEN? WHY, YOU PACK OF SOWBELLIED CRAWLING LANDLUBBERS AREN'T FIT TO TREAD THE DECK OF THE "MOBY DICK!" COWARDS! YELLOW! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!
YOU'RE A FOOLISH GIRL TO THINK OF SENDING HER TO SEA, MOLLY! THAT SHIP IS CURSED! YOUR OWN FATHER WAS LOST ON THE LAST TRIP AND OTHERS BEFORE HIM!
TEN MEN HAVE DIED SO FAR BY THE GHOST HARPOON!
A MAN'D BE CRAZY TO THINK O'SHIPPIN' ON A DEATH SHIP!
COME ON! I'M FOR SIGNIN' WITH SOME OTHER CRAFT!
AS THE SAILORS TURN TO, A GREAT HULK OF A MAN ROARS OUT!
OH, TOM! THEY'RE LEAVING! NO--DONT!
AVAST THERE, YOU LUBBERS! I'M FOR GIVING MOLLY ANOTHER CHANCE AND SHIPPIN' ON THE TUB! BE YE WITH ME?

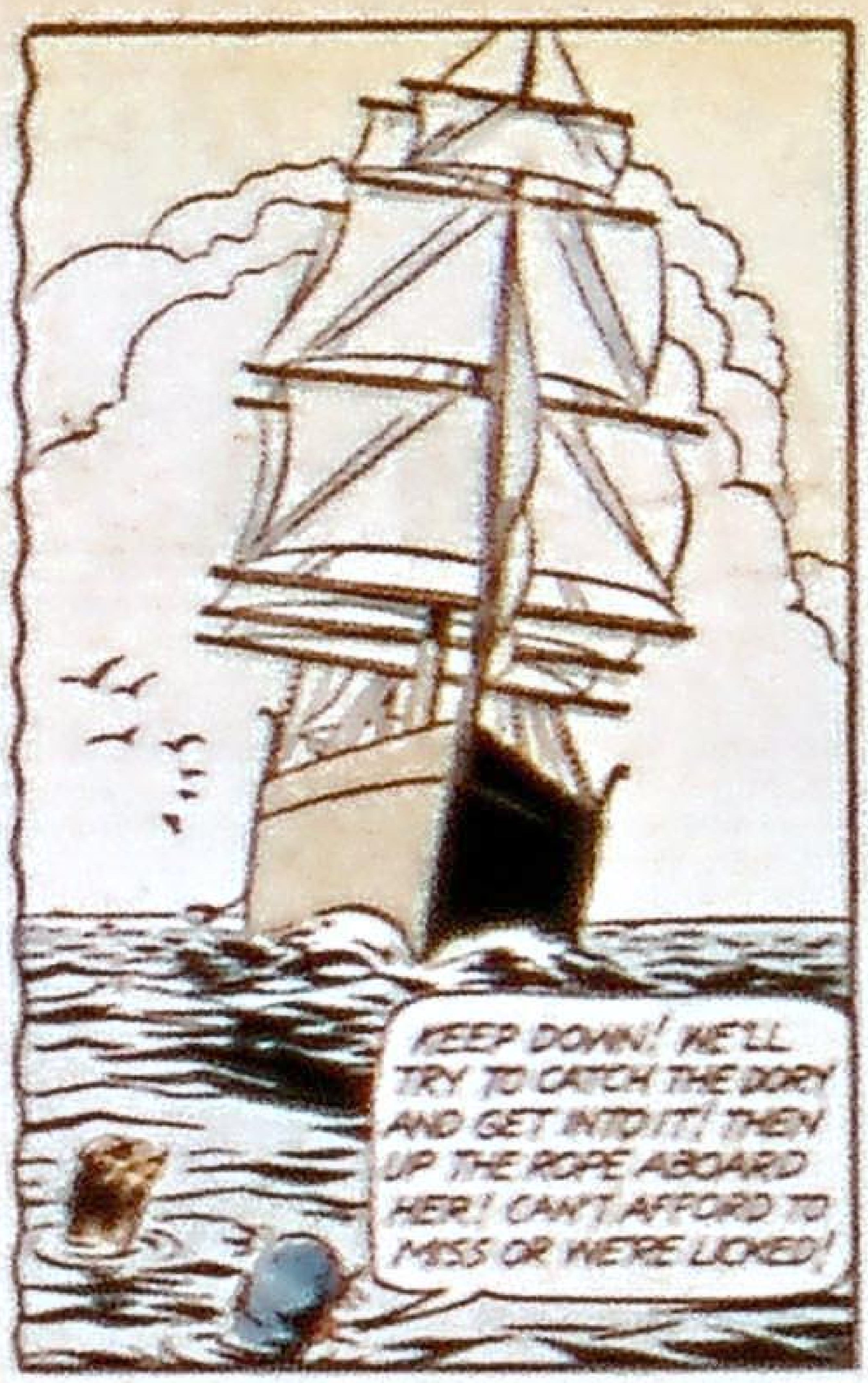

STEP UP, ME HEARTIES! WITH TOM HERE AS CAPTAIN AND ME MATE, NOTHIN'S GONNA HAPPEN!
SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH OF SPLINTERED GLASS!
WELL, GUESS THAT SOLVES THE GIRL'S PROBLEM!--- HEY! WHAT THE---
THE GHOST HARPOON!
OH!
IT CAME FROM THE OUTSIDE!
STEVE AND BUCKY LEAD THE RUSH OUT OF THE INN TO FIND NAUGHT BUT THE OLD FISHERMAN, BUSY OVER HIS NET!
ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW NO ONE AROUND?
HEE-HEE! HARPOON, YE SAY? THEN IT MUST BE THE GHOST-- TOL' YE NOT TO--
HERE-- LET ME! I'LL WRING THE TRUTH OUT O' THE OLD LOON!
NO ROUGH STUFF! HE'S AN OLD MAN! LET GO!
BREAK UP, YE OL' CRACK PATE! WHERE'S THE SCUM THAT FLUNG THE HARPOON?

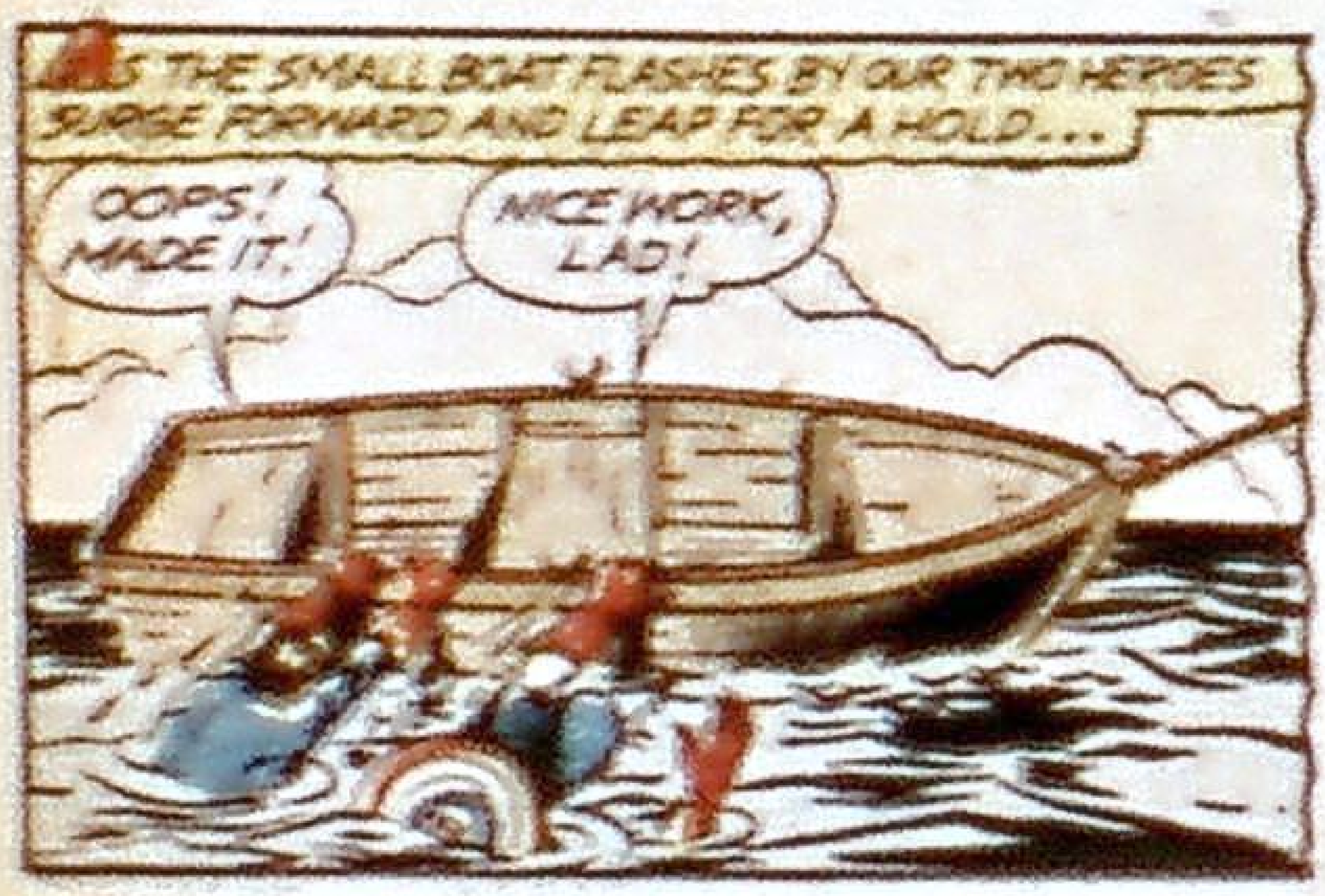

WITH A BELLOW OF RAGE, THE MATE MAKES FOR STEVE!
CURSE YOUR LUBBERLY HIDE! I'LL TEACH YE TO MIND YER OWN BUSINESS!
TEACH AWAY, FRIEND! I'M WAITING!
NO! PLEASE, YOUNG MAN! SILAS IS TOO STRONG FOR YOU! GO AWAY!
WHERE D'YA GET THAT STUFF? G'WAN, STEVE --- BELT HIM!
THAT NIGHT!
I STILL THINK THAT YOU SHOULD'VE TAKEN A CRACK AT THAT UGLY MUG OF A MATE!
YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT WE CAME HERE FOR A VACATION! I'M NOT LOOKING FOR EXCITE--! WHAT'S THAT?
BAM
SOCK
WHAM
SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE!
WAIT FOR ME!
YOU MURDERING COWARDS! ---- FIVE TO ONE, IS IT?
WITH THE CAPABLE AID OF BUCKY, STEVE SOON SCATTERS THE ATTACKERS, BUT NOT BEFORE THE CRUEL FACE OF THEIR LEADER IS IDENTIFIED!
LOOK AT THE YELLOW DOGS RUN!
HEY! THAT GUY IS -- THAT MATE?!

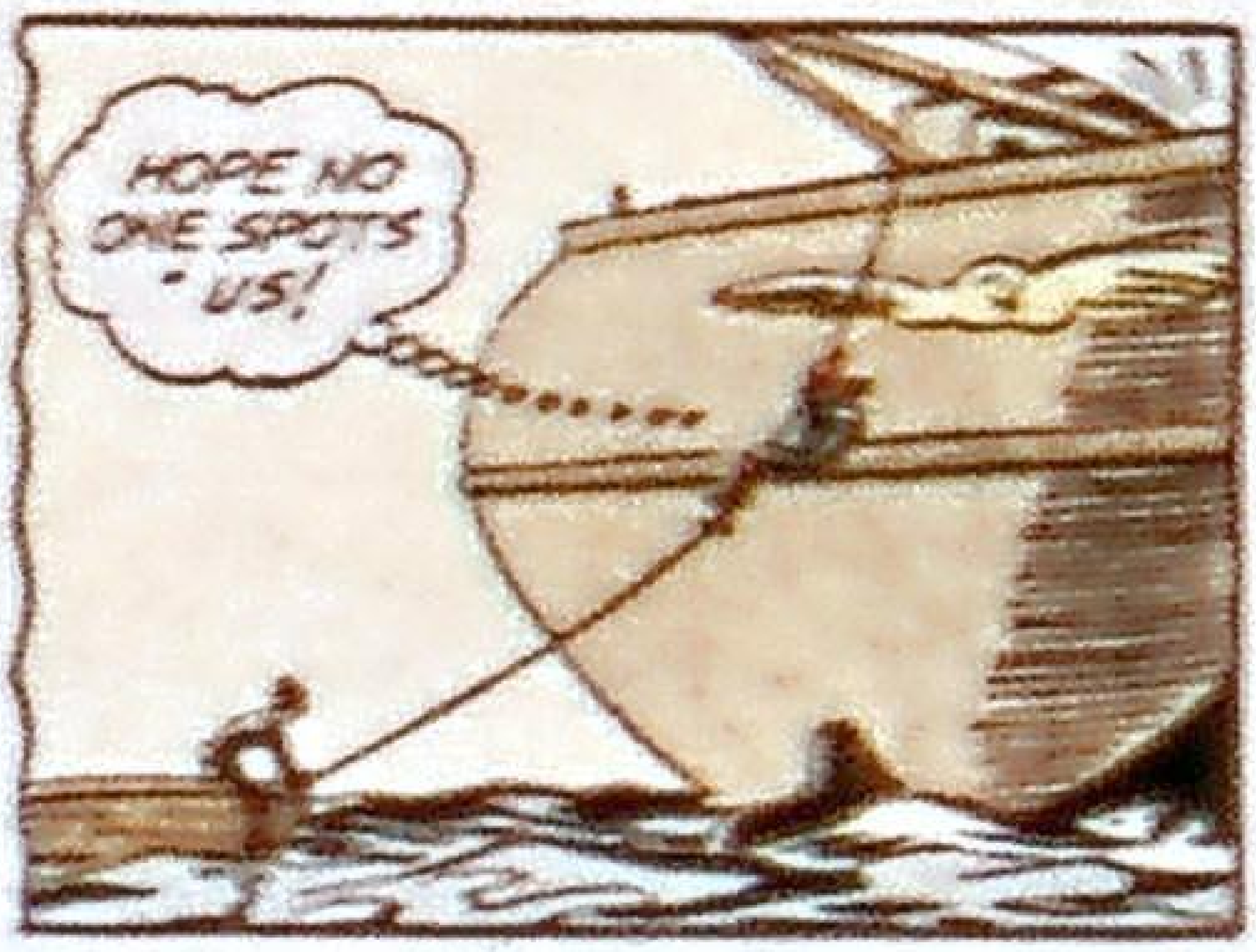

OH! IT'S TOM! WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID IT?
IT WAS THAT MA---!
SH! BETTER GET A DOCTOR, MISS! HE'S PRETTY BADLY HURT!
LATER!
THANKS, BOTH OF YOU! THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL BE ALLRIGHT! WHO WAS IT YOU SAID? I WAS TOO EXCITED TO HEAR WHEN YOU MENTIONED IT BEFORE!
OH, NO ONE! WE COULDN'T SEE! TOO DARK! COME ON, BUCKY!
O.K.! SO YOU THINK THE MATE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DEATHS ON THE SHIP! THEN WHY DON'T WE TELL MOLLY AND---
BECAUSE WE MUST HAVE MORE PROOF! AND I INTEND TO GET IT BY SLIPPING ABOARD THE SHIP BEFORE SHE SAILS IN THE MORNING! AND NOW WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!
THE NEXT MORNING BEFORE SUN-UP, STEVE AND BUCKY MAKE FOR THE DOCK TO CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN ONLY TO GET A RUDE AWAKENING!
HEY, STEVE! LOOK! THE SHIP LEFT!
WHAT THE--?? IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO LEAVE UNTIL LATE MORNING! THAT'S WHAT MOLLY SAID!

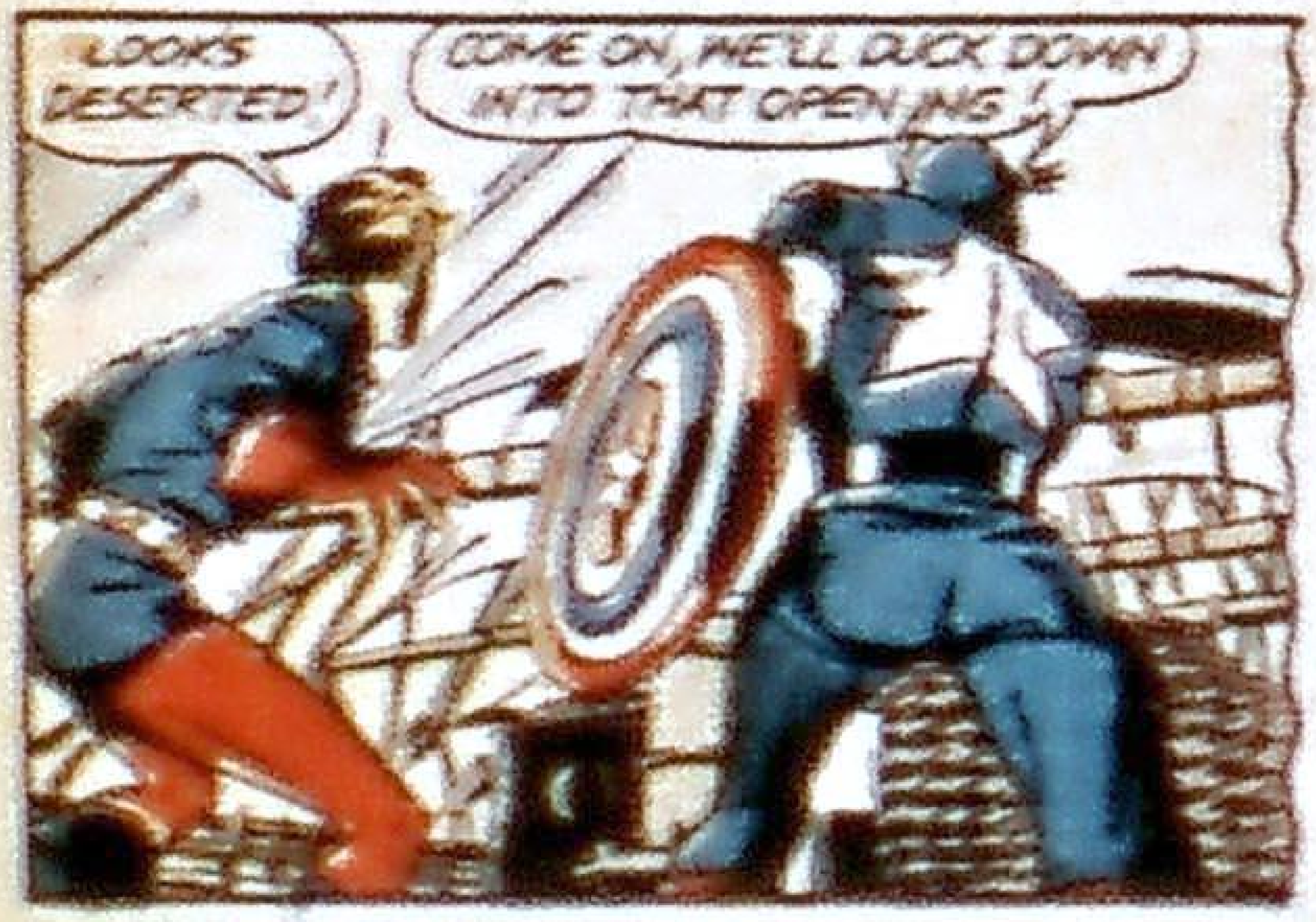

YUP! THAT BE THE "MOBY DICK," SON!
IT COULDN'T BE! THE CAPTAIN IS BACK AT THE INN, IN BED!
DID YOU SEE MOLLY GO ABOARD HER!
AYE! THAT I DID! MOLLY IS CAPTAIN! AND WHY NOT? THE DAUGHTER OF OLD JED IS FITTIN' TO TROD ANY QUARTER-DECK! SHE TOLD ME SHE WERE AFEARED THE MEN WOULD CHANGE THEIR MINDS IF'N SHE WAITED...
GOOD GOSH!
YE'LL FIND ONE O' THEM NEW FANGLED MOTOR TUBS DOWN AT THE OTHER END O' THE WHARF! AND MAKE FOR THE POINT! MOLLY'LL HAVE TO TACK TO COME AROUND INTO THE WIND! YE CAN HEAD HER OFF....
THANKS, OLD TIMER! C'MON, LAD! THIS IS WORK FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
MINUTES LATER, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES STARTLE THE OWNER OF A POWERFUL MOTOR BOAT!
WHAT TH---? CAPTAIN AMERICA?
DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS! GET THIS THING STARTED MISTER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AT THE WHEEL, SENDS THE MOTOR BOAT SPEEDING OUT TO SEA, AND SOON PICKS UP THE "MOBY DICK!"

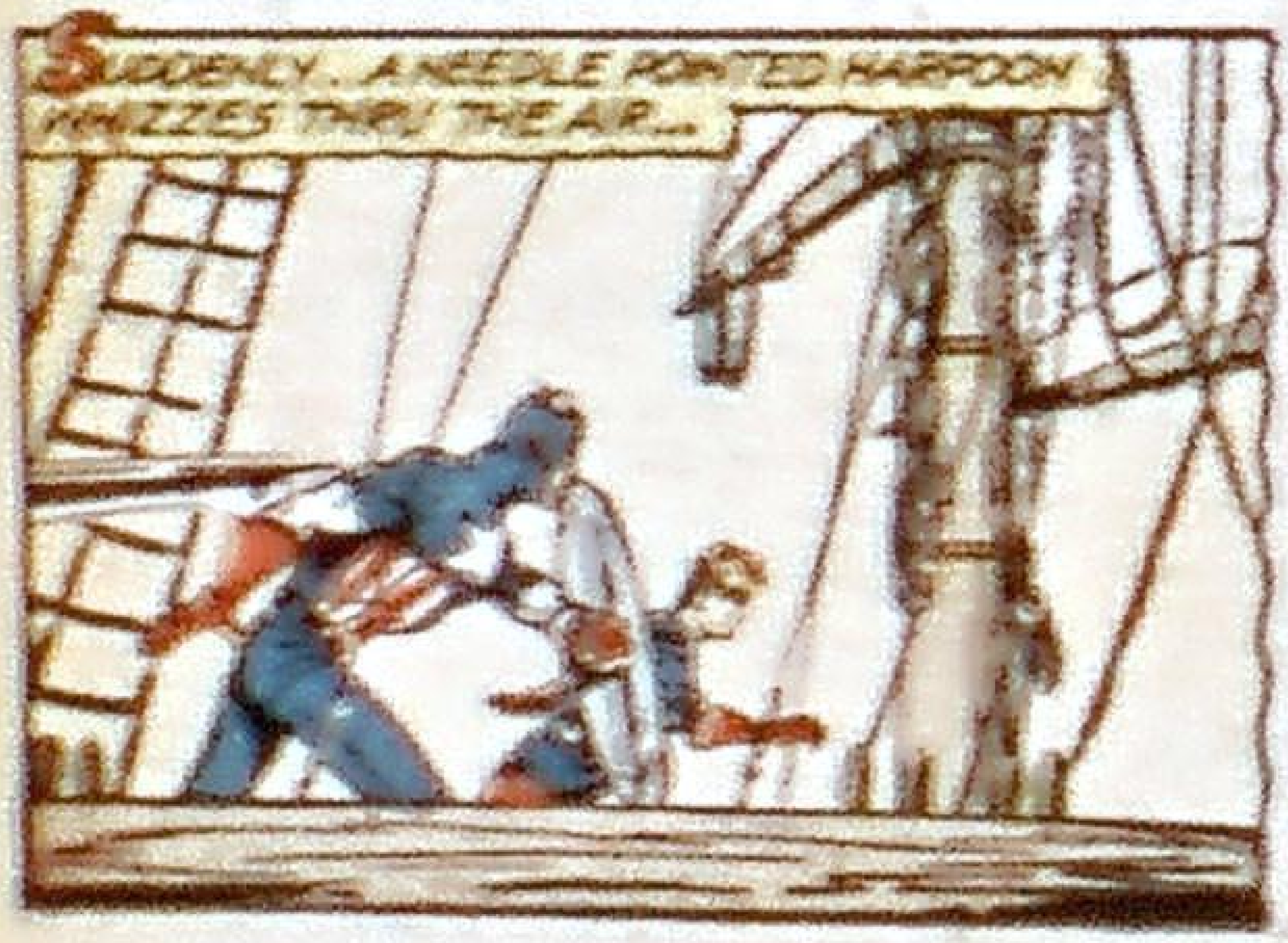

AT A POINT WELL AHEAD OF WHERE THE "MOBY DICK" IS HEADING OUT TO SEA, CAP AND BUCKY DROP OVERBOARD!
THANKS, MISTER!
SAVE YOUR STRENGTH, LAD! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TILL SHE REACHES US!

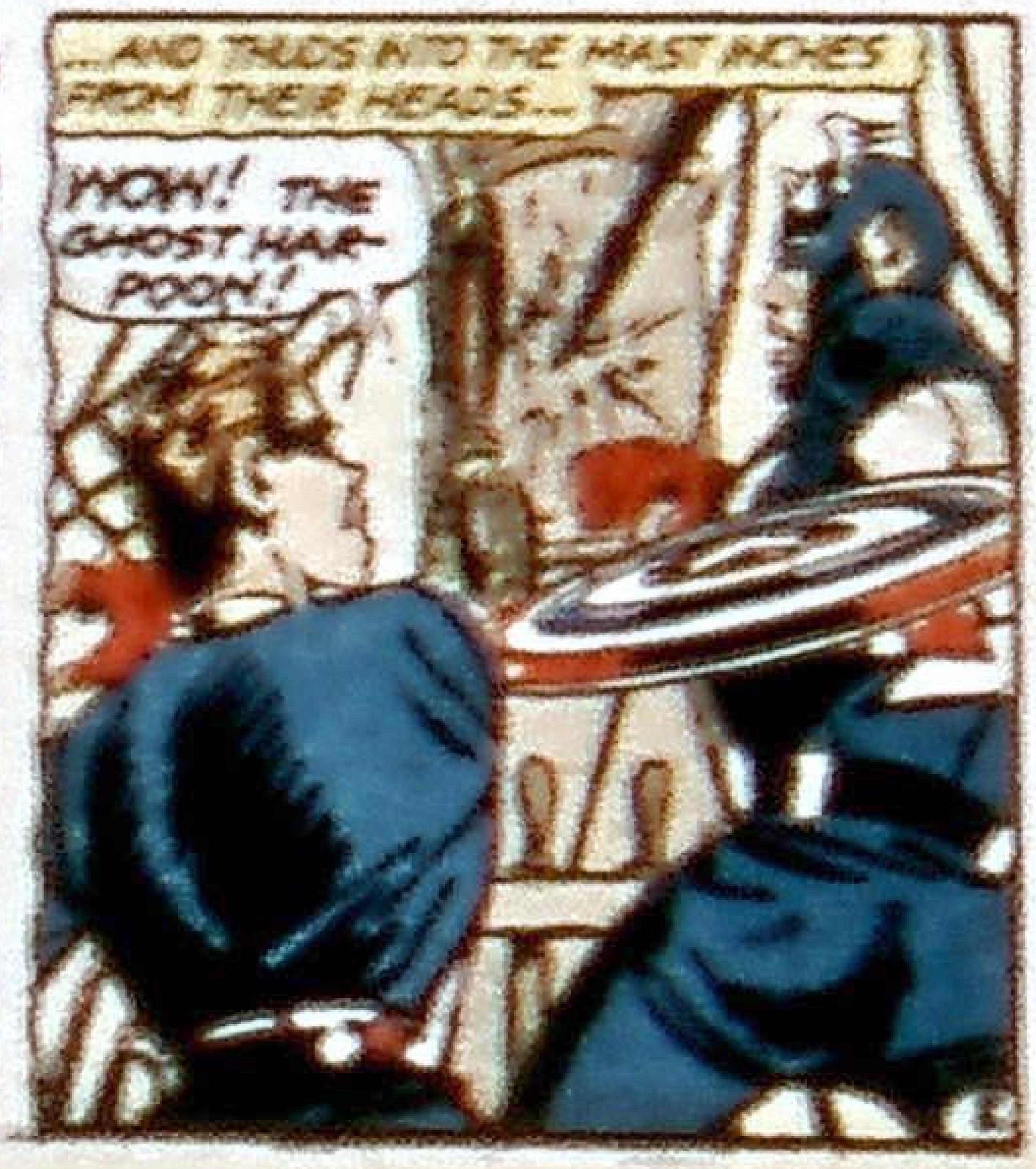

KEEP DOWN! WE'LL TRY TO CATCH THE DORY AND GET INTO IT! THEN UP THE ROPE ABOARD HER! CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS OR WE'RE LICKED!

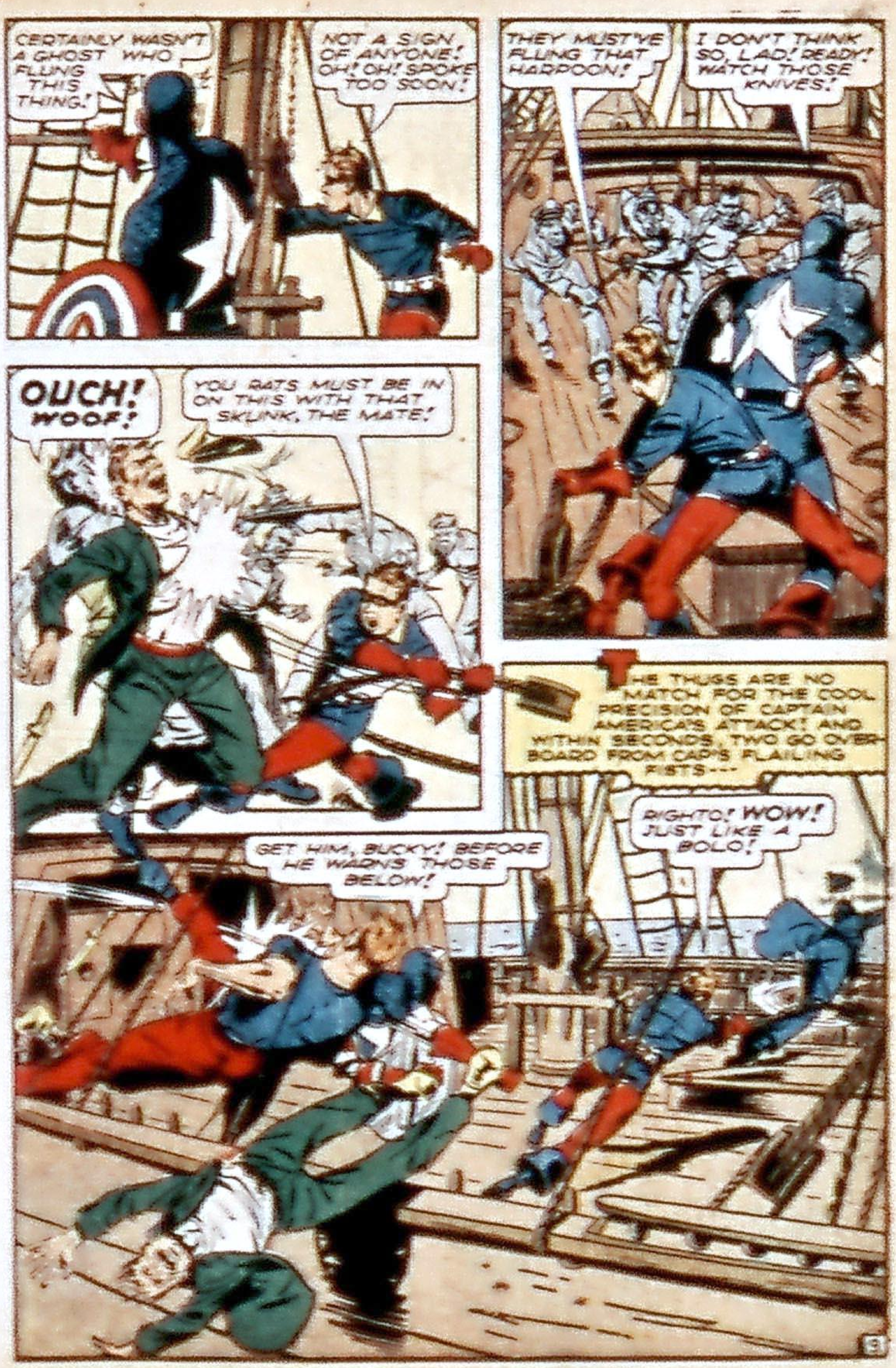

AS THE SMALL BOAT FLASHES BY OUR TWO HEROES SURGE FORWARD AND LEAP FOR A HOLD...
OOPS! MADE IT!
NICE WORK, LAD!

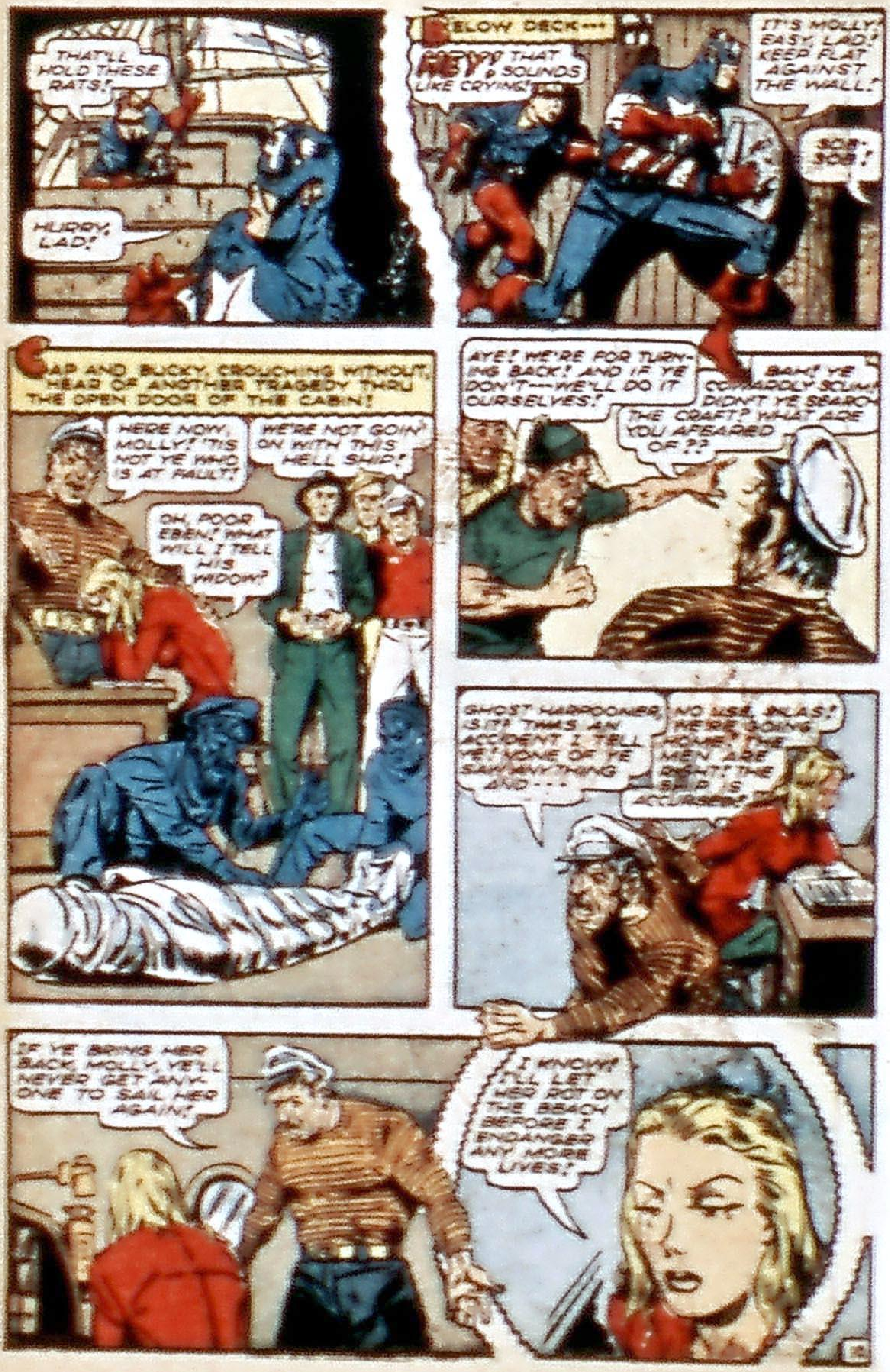

HOPE NO ONE SPOTS US!

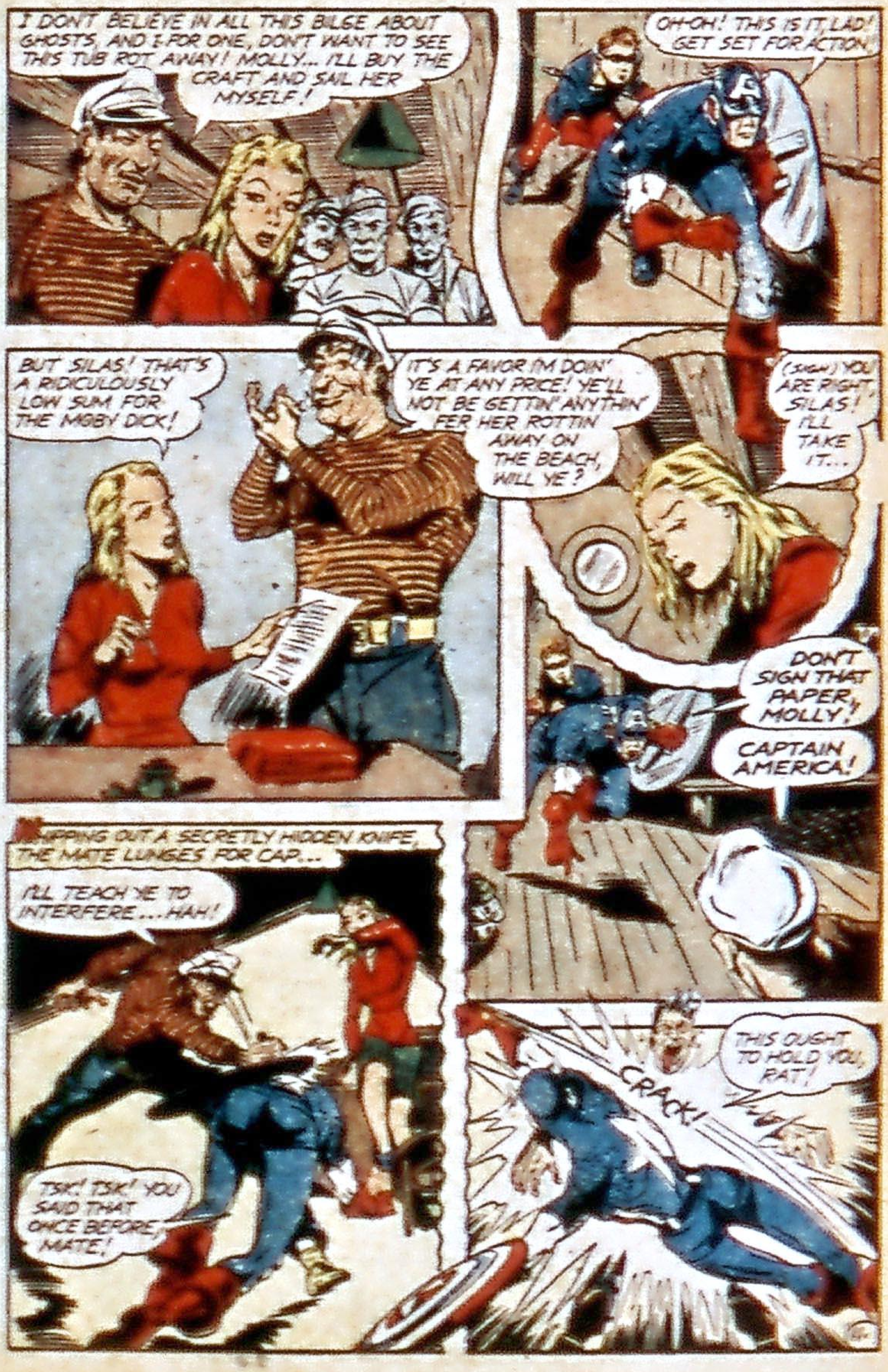

LOOKS DESERTED!
COME ON, WE'LL DUCK DOWN INTO THAT OPENING!

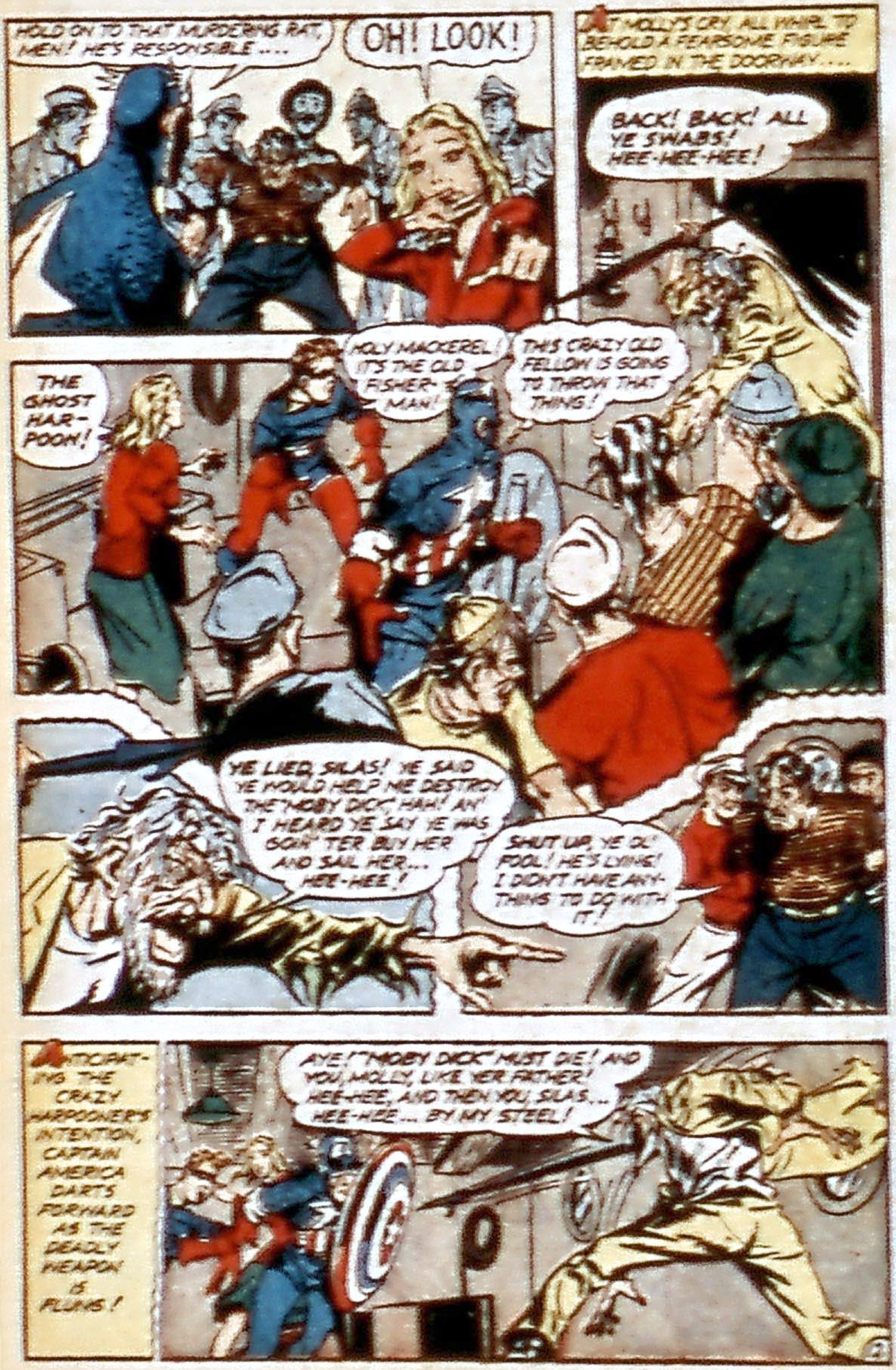

SUDDENLY... A NEEDLE POINTED HARPOON WHIZZES THRU THE AIR...

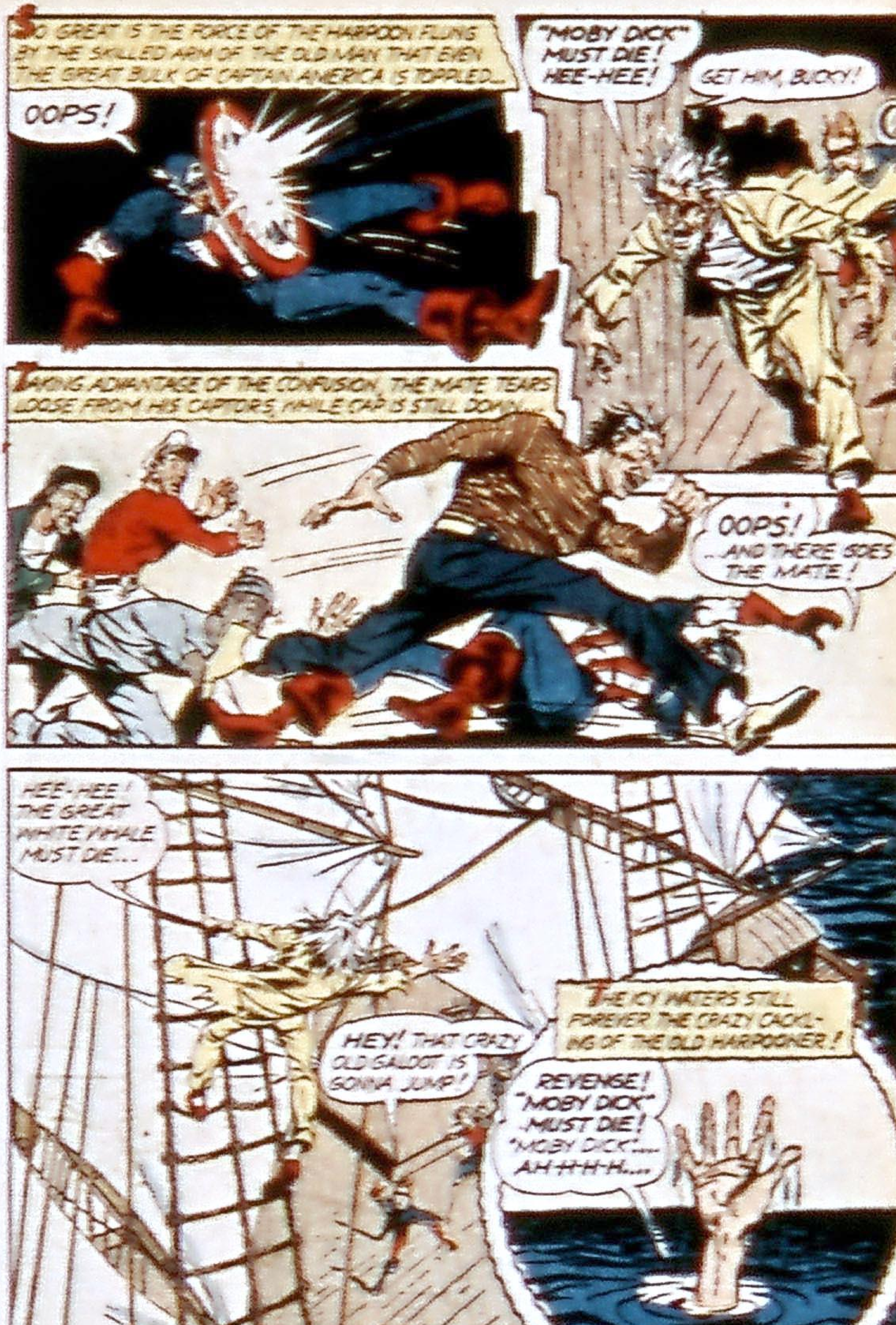

...AND THUDS INTO THE MAST INCHES FROM THEIR HEADS...
WOW! THE GHOST HARPOON!

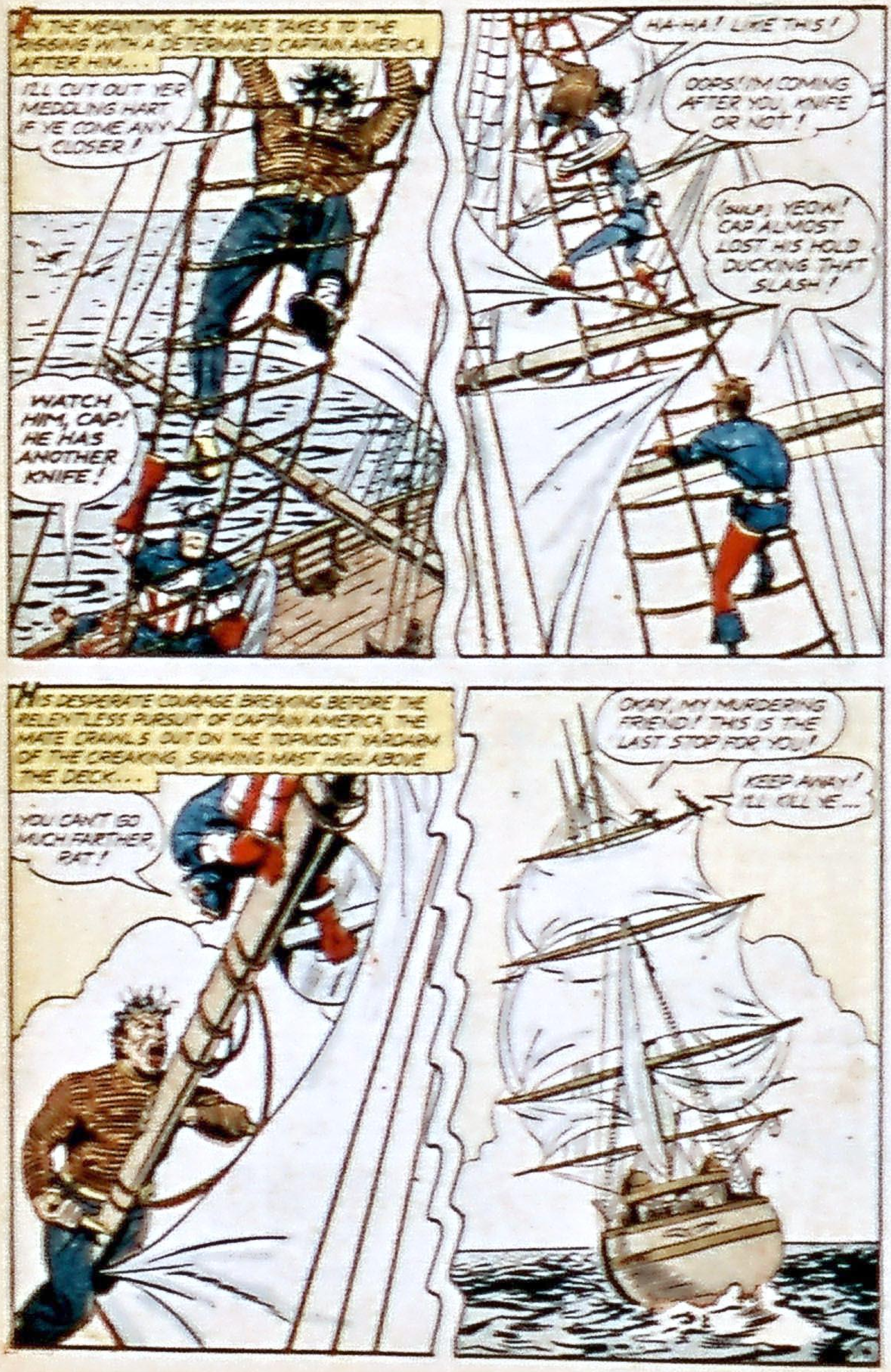

CERTAINLY WASN'T A GHOST WHO FLUNG THIS THING!
NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE! OH! OH! SPOKE TOO SOON!
THEY MUST'VE FLUNG THAT HARPOON!
I DON'T THINK SO, LAD! READY! WATCH THOSE KNIVES!
OUCH! WOOF!
YOU RATS MUST BE IN ON THIS WITH THAT SKUNK, THE MATE!
THE THUGS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE COOL PRECISION OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ATTACK! AND WITHIN SECONDS, TWO GO OVERBOARD FROM CAP'S FLAILING FISTS---
GET HIM, BUCKY! BEFORE HE WARNS THOSE BELOW!
RIGHTO! WOW! JUST LIKE A BOLO!

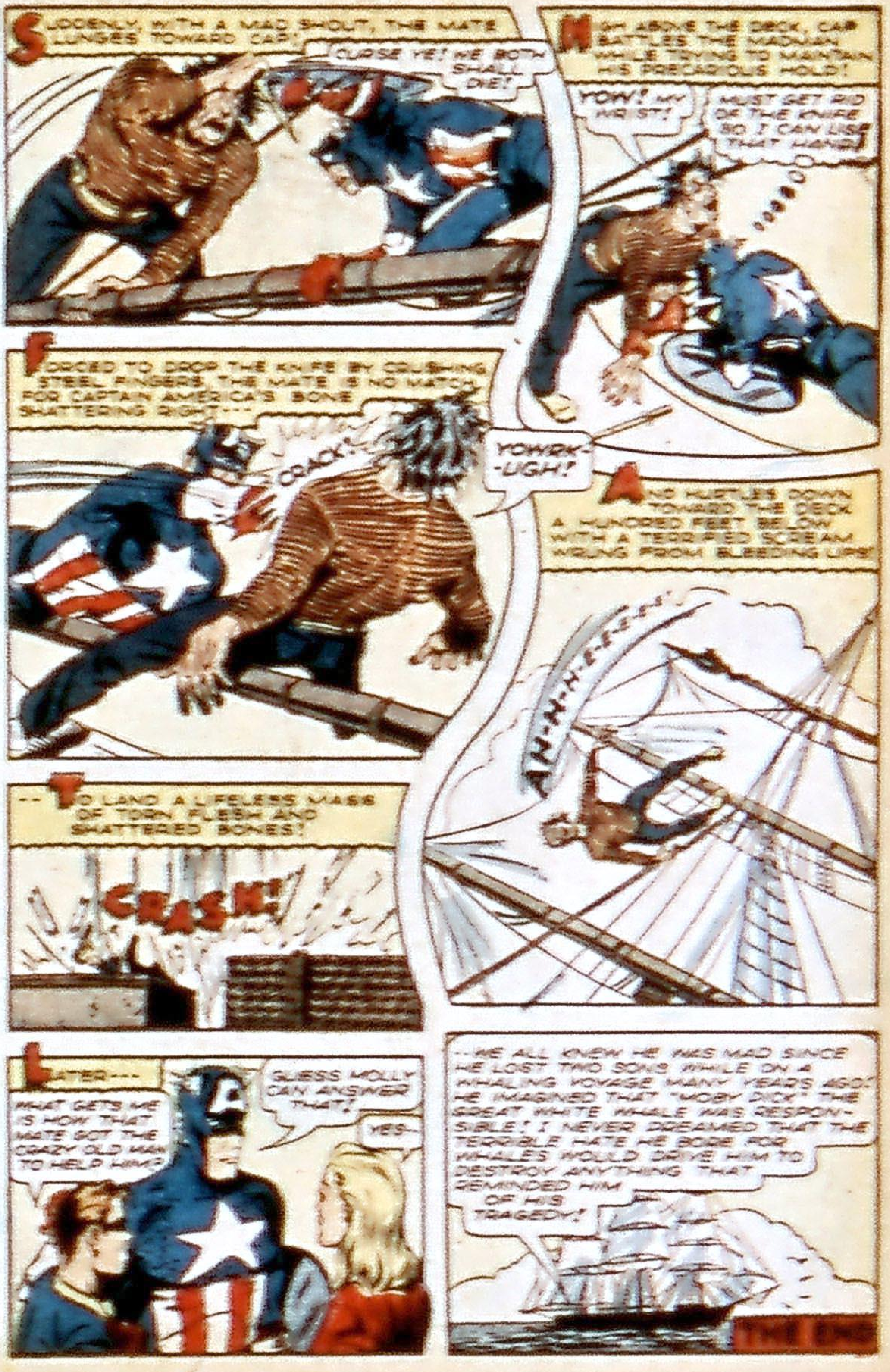

THAT'LL HOLD THESE RATS!
HURRY, LAD!
BELOW DECK---
HEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE CRYING!
IT'S MOLLY! EASY, LAD! KEEP FLAT AGAINST THE WALL!
SOB! SOB!
CAP AND BUCKY, CROUCHING WITHOUT, HEAR OF ANOTHER TRAGEDY THRU THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CABIN!
HERE NOW, MOLLY! 'TIS NOT YE WHO IS AT FAULT!
WE'RE NOT GOIN' ON WITH THIS HELL SHIP!
OH, POOR EBEN! WHAT WILL I TELL HIS WIDOW?
AYE! WE'RE FOR TURNING BACK! AND IF YE DON'T---WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES!
BAH! YE COWARDLY SCUM! DIDN'T YE SEARCH THE CRAFT? WHAT ARE YOU AFEARED OF??
GHOST HARPOONER, IS IT? THIS AN ACCIDENT I TELL YE! NONE OF YE SAW ANYTHING AND---
NO USE, SILAS! WE'RE GOING HOME! THE MEN ARE RIGHT! THE SHIP IS ACCURSED!
IF YE BRING HER BACK, MOLLY, YE'LL NEVER GET ANYONE TO SAIL HER AGAIN!
I KNOW! I'LL LET HER ROT ON THE BEACH BEFORE I ENDANGER ANY MORE LIVES!

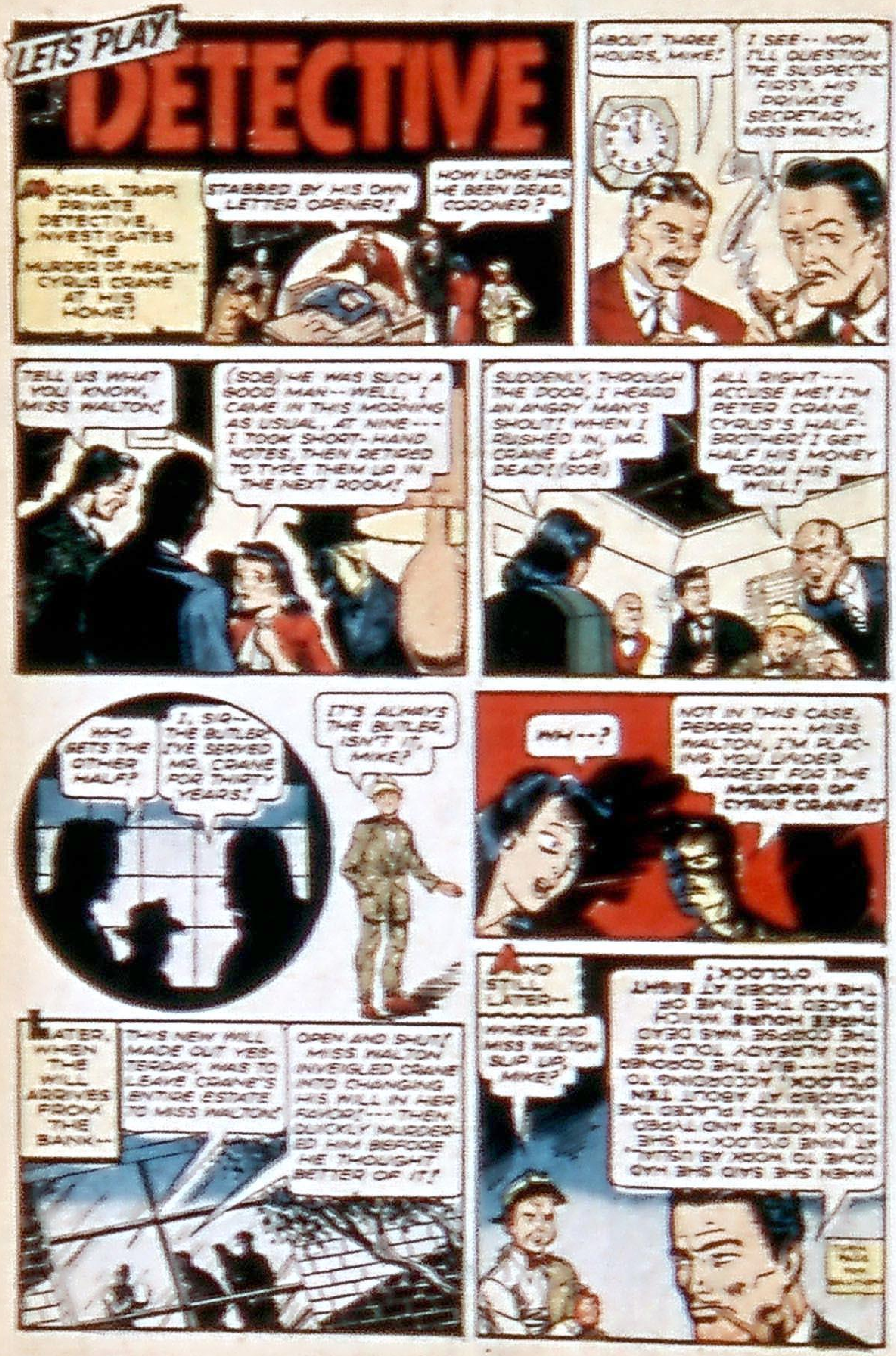

I DON'T BELIEVE IN ALL THIS BILGE ABOUT GHOSTS, AND I, FOR ONE, DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS TUB ROT AWAY! MOLLY... I'LL BUY THE CRAFT AND SAIL HER MYSELF!
OH-OH! THIS IS IT, LAD! GET SET FOR ACTION!
BUT SILAS! THAT'S A RIDICULOUSLY LOW SUM FOR THE MOBY DICK!
IT'S A FAVOR I'M DOIN' YE AT ANY PRICE! YE'LL NOT BE GETTIN' ANYTHIN' FER HER ROTTIN' AWAY ON THE BEACH, WILL YE?
(SIGH) YOU ARE RIGHT, SILAS! I'LL TAKE IT...
DON'T SIGN THAT PAPER, MOLLY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHIPPING OUT A SECRETLY HIDDEN KNIFE, THE MATE LUNGES FOR CAP...
I'LL TEACH YE TO INTERFERE...HAH!
TSK! TSK! YOU SAID THAT ONCE BEFORE, MATE!
THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU, RAT!
CRACK!

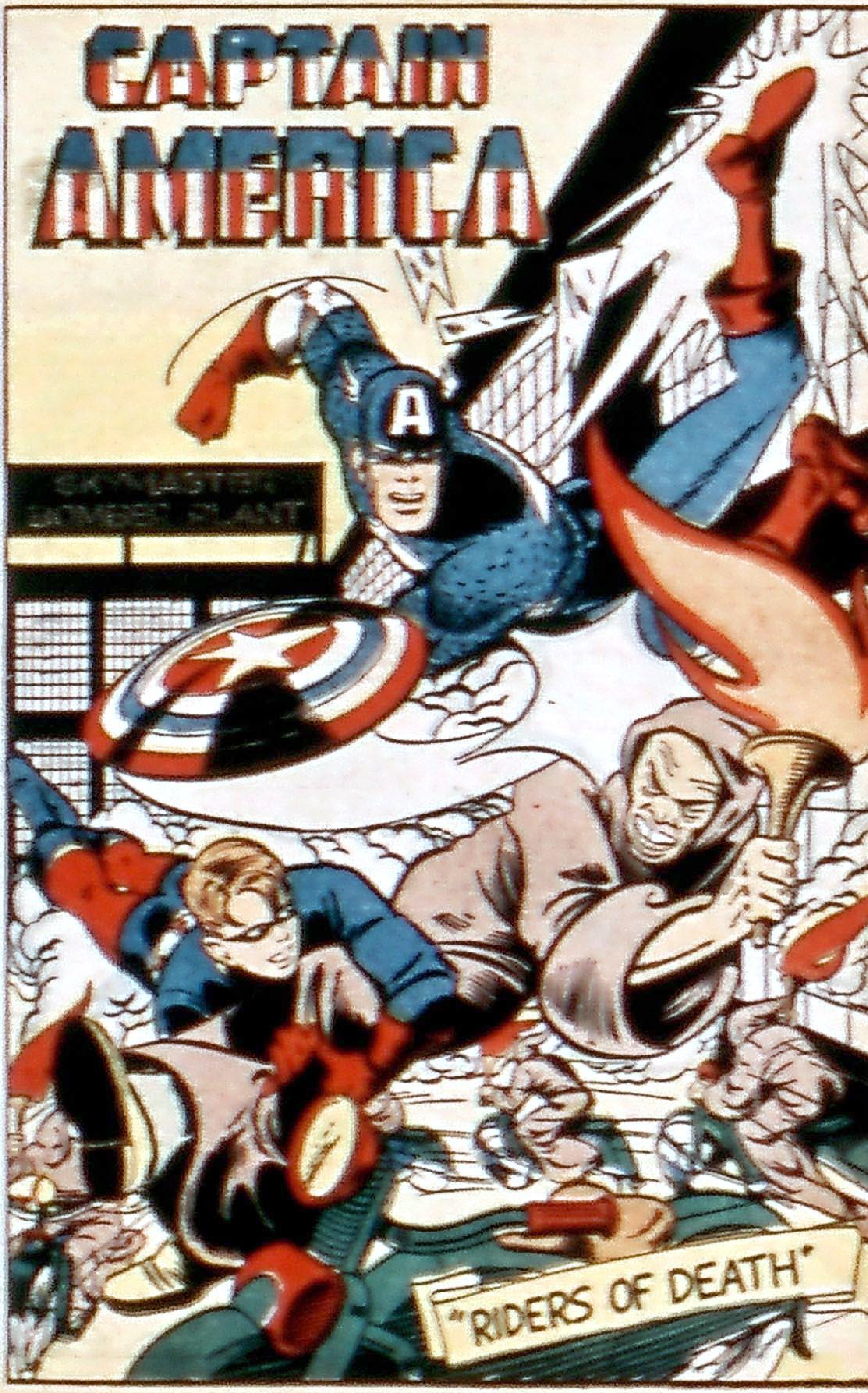

HOLD ON TO THAT MURDERING RAT, MEN! HE'S RESPONSIBLE ....
OH! LOOK!
AT MOLLY'S CRY, ALL WHIRL TO BEHOLD A FEARSOME FIGURE FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY....
BACK! BACK! ALL YE SWABS! HEE-HEE-HEE!
THE GHOST HARPOON!
HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S THE OLD FISHERMAN!
THIS CRAZY OLD FELLOW IS GOING TO THROW THAT THING!
YE LIED, SILAS! YE SAID YE WOULD HELP ME DESTROY THE "MOBY DICK", HAH! AN' I HEARD YE SAY YE WAS GOIN' TER BUY HER AND SAIL HER... HEE-HEE!
SHUT UP, YE OL' FOOL! HE'S LYING! I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!
ANTICIPATING THE CRAZY HARPOONER'S INTENTION, CAPTAIN AMERICA DARTS FORWARD AS THE DEADLY WEAPON IS FLUNG!
AYE! "MOBY DICK" MUST DIE! AND YOU, MOLLY, LIKE YER FATHER! HEE-HEE, AND THEN YOU, SILAS... HEE-HEE... BY MY STEEL!

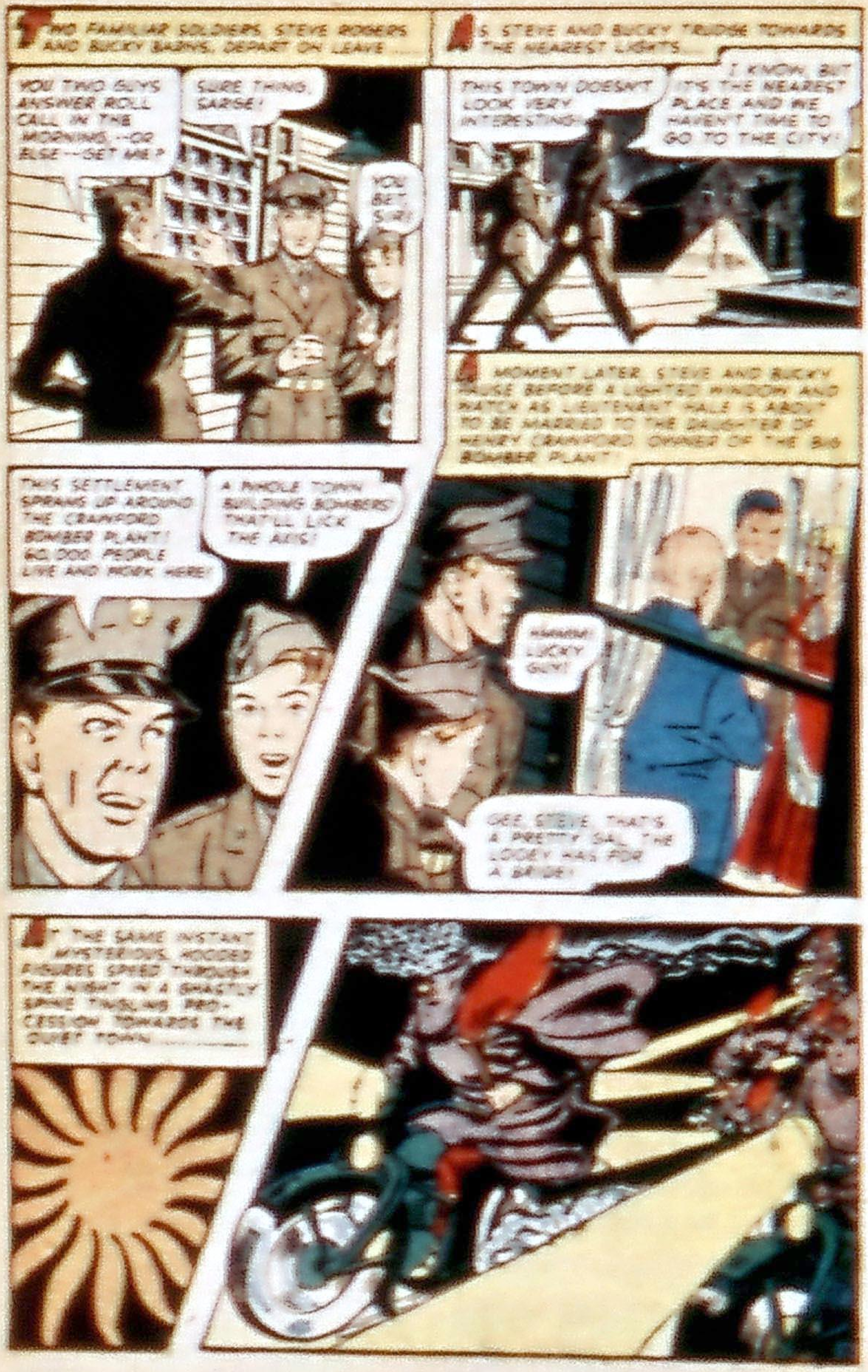

SO GREAT IS THE FORCE OF THE HARPOON FLUNG BY THE SKILLED ARM OF THE OLD MAN THAT EVEN THE GREAT BULK OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IS TOPPLED...
OOPS!
"MOBY DICK" MUST DIE! HEE-HEE!
GET HIM, BUCKY!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, THE MATE TEARS LOOSE FROM HIS CAPTORS, WHILE CAP IS STILL DOWN...
OOPS! ...AND THERE GOES THE MATE!
HEE-HEE! THE GREAT WHITE WHALE MUST DIE...
HEY! THAT CRAZY OLD GALOOT IS GONNA JUMP!
THE ICY WATERS STILL FOREVER THE CRAZY CACKLING OF THE OLD HARPOONER!
REVENGE! "MOBY DICK" MUST DIE! "MOBY DICK"... AH-H-H-H...

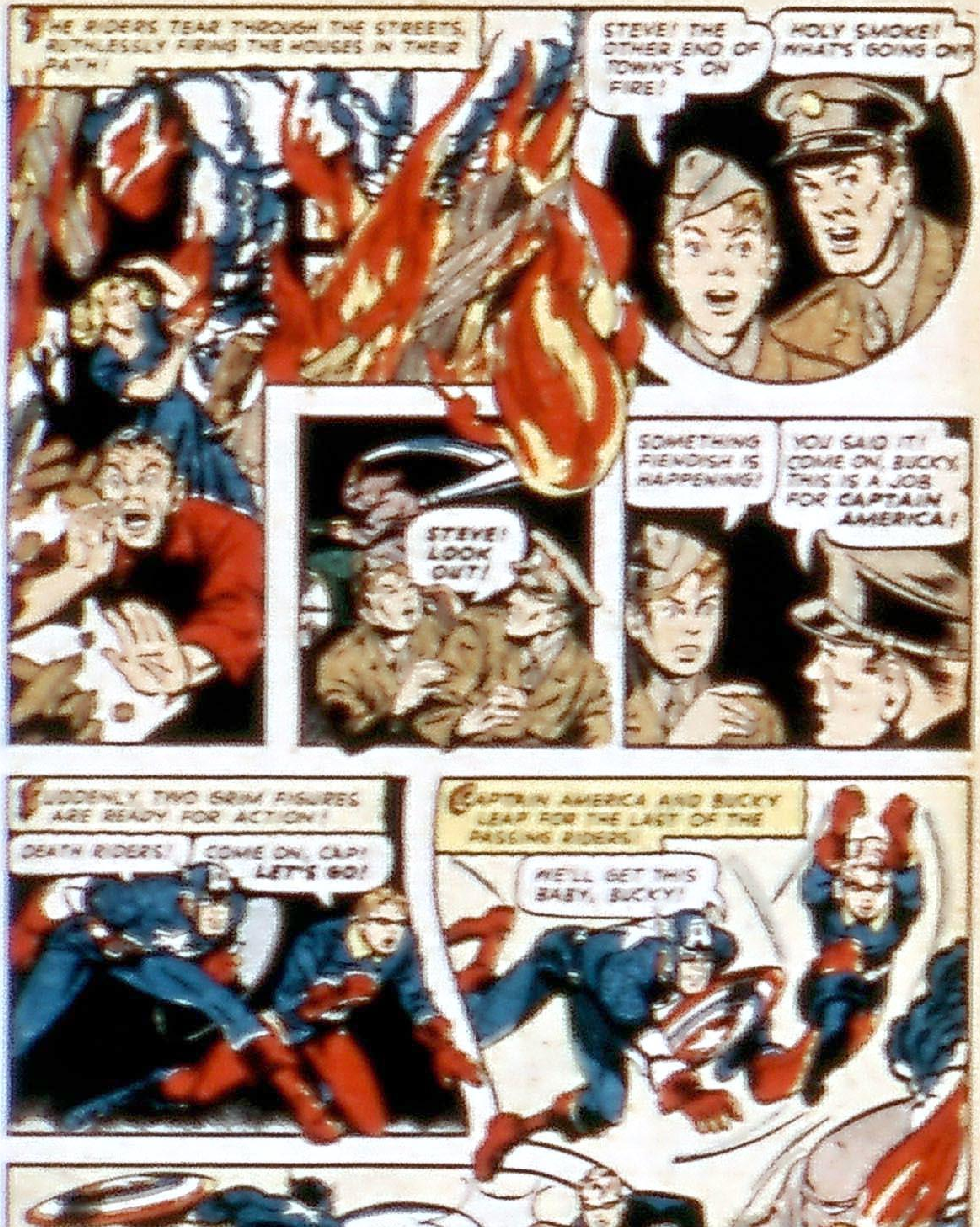

IN THE MEANTIME, THE MATE TAKES TO THE RIGGING WITH A DETERMINED CAPTAIN AMERICA AFTER HIM...
I'LL CUT OUT YER MEDDLING HART IF YE COME ANY CLOSER!
WATCH HIM, CAP! HE HAS ANOTHER KNIFE!
HA-HA! LIKE THIS!
OOPS! I'M COMING AFTER YOU, KNIFE OR NOT!
(GULP) YEOW! CAP ALMOST LOST HIS HOLD DUCKING THAT SLASH!
HIS DESPERATE COURAGE BREAKING BEFORE THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE MATE CRAWLS OUT ON THE TOPMOST YARDARM OF THE CREAKING, SWAYING MAST HIGH ABOVE THE DECK...
YOU CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER, RAT!
OKAY, MY MURDERING FRIEND! THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU!
KEEP AWAY! I'LL KILL YE...

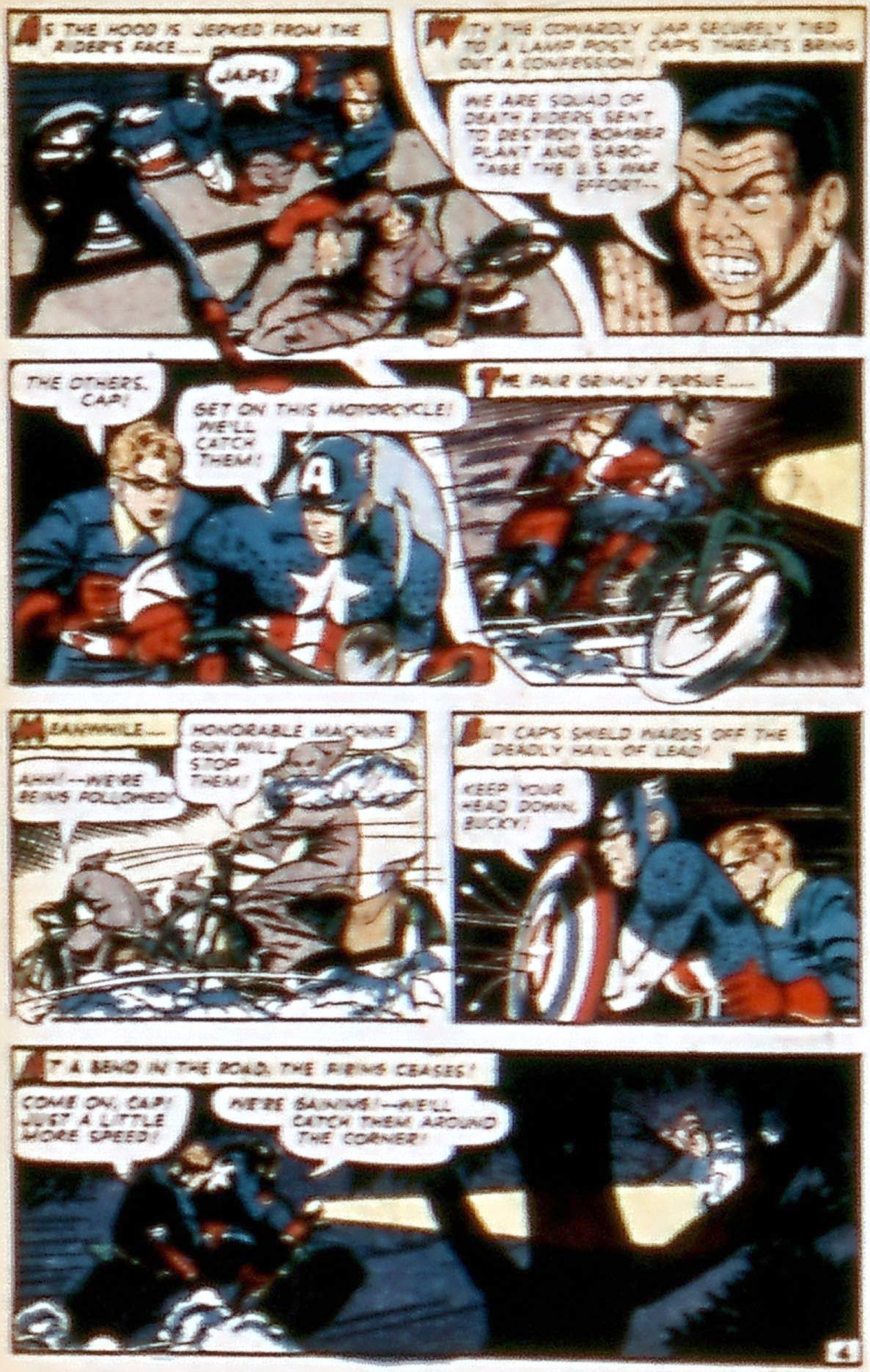

SUDDENLY, WITH A MAD SHOUT, THE MATE LUNGES TOWARD CAP!
CURSE YE! WE BOTH SHALL DIE!
HIGH ABOVE THE DECK, CAP BATTLES THE MADMAN WHILE TRYING TO MAINTAIN HIS PRECARIOUS HOLD!
YOW! MY WRIST!
MUST GET RID OF THE KNIFE SO I CAN USE THAT HAND!
FORCED TO DROP THE KNIFE BY CRUSHING STEEL FINGERS THE MATE IS NO MATCH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BONE SHATTERING RIGHT---
CRACK!
YOWRK--UGH!
AND HURTLES DOWN TOWARD THE DECK A HUNDRED FEET BELOW WITH A TERRIFIED SCREAM WRUNG FROM BLEEDING LIPS!
AH-H-H-H-E-E-E-E!
-- TO LAND A LIFELESS MASS OF TORN FLESH AND SHATTERED BONES!
CRASH!
LATER---
WHAT GETS ME IS HOW THAT MATE GOT THE CRAZY OLD MAN TO HELP HIM?
GUESS MOLLY CAN ANSWER THAT!
YES-
--WE ALL KNEW HE WAS MAD SINCE HE LOST TWO SONS WHILE ON A WHALING VOYAGE MANY YEARS AGO! HE IMAGINED THAT "MOBY DICK" THE GREAT WHITE WHALE WAS RESPONSIBLE! I NEVER DREAMED THAT THE TERRIBLE HATE HE BORE FOR WHALES WOULD DRIVE HIM TO DESTROY ANYTHING THAT REMINDED HIM OF HIS TRAGEDY!
THE END

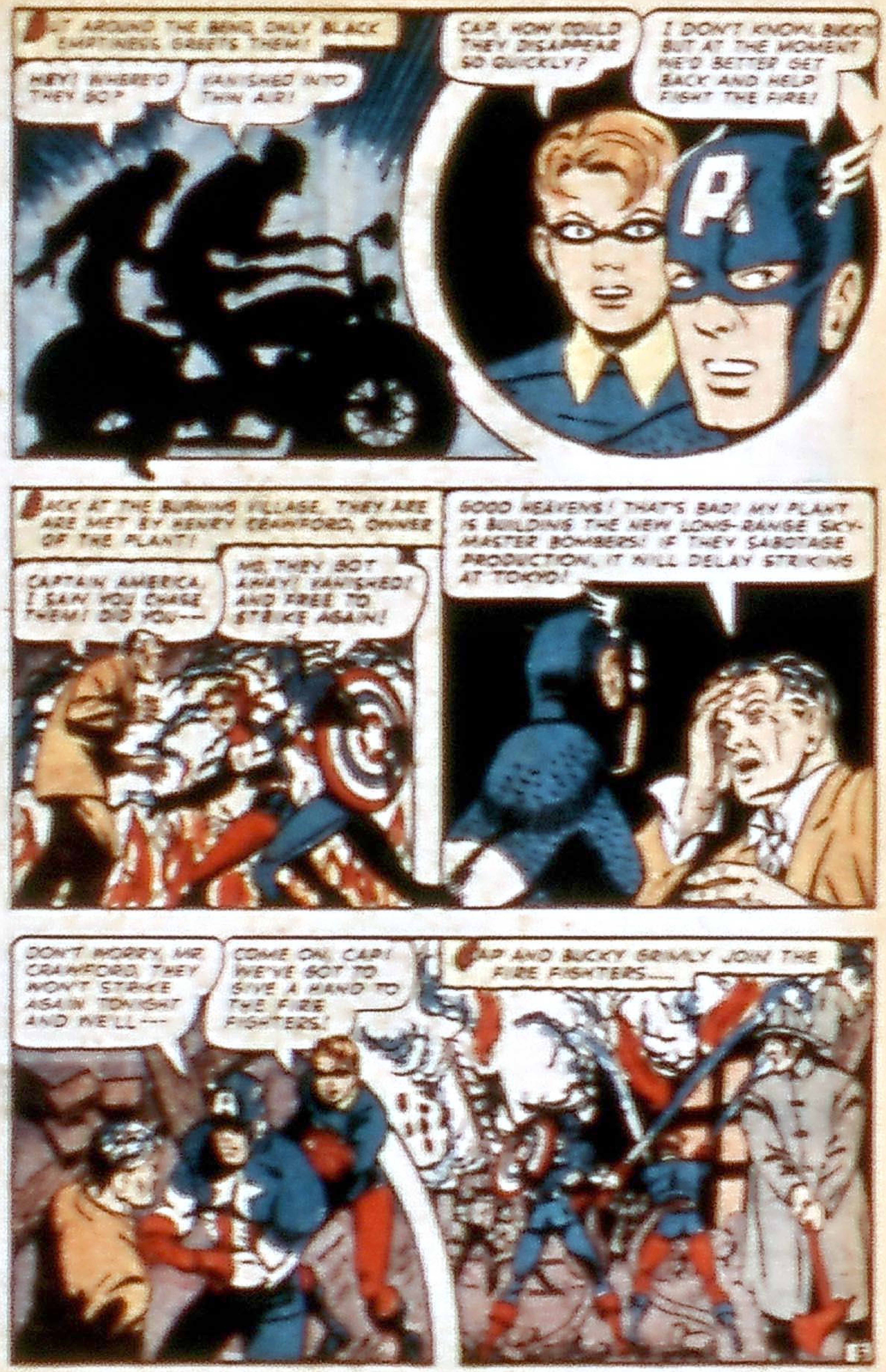

LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
MICHAEL TRAPP, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF WEALTHY CYRUS CRANE AT HIS HOME!
STABBED BY HIS OWN LETTER OPENER!
HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN DEAD, CORONER?
ABOUT THREE HOURS, MIKE!
I SEE-- NOW I'LL QUESTION THE SUSPECTS! FIRST, HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, MISS WALTON!
TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, MISS WALTON!
(SOB) HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN--WELL, I CAME IN THIS MORNING AS USUAL, AT NINE--- I TOOK SHORT-HAND NOTES, THEN RETIRED TO TYPE THEM UP IN THE NEXT ROOM!
SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE DOOR, I HEARD AN ANGRY MAN'S SHOUT! WHEN I RUSHED IN, MR. CRANE LAY DEAD! (SOB)
ALL RIGHT--- ACCUSE ME! I'M PETER CRANE, CYRUS'S HALF-BROTHER! I GET HALF HIS MONEY FROM HIS WILL!
WHO GETS THE OTHER HALF?
I, SIR-- THE BUTLER! I'VE SERVED MR. CRANE FOR THIRTY YEARS!
IT'S ALWAYS THE BUTLER, ISN'T IT, MIKE?
WH--?
NOT IN THIS CASE, PEPPER---- MISS WALTON, I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF CYRUS CRANE!!
LATER, WHEN THE WILL ARRIVES FROM THE BANK--
THIS NEW WILL MADE OUT YESTERDAY, WAS TO LEAVE CRANE'S ENTIRE ESTATE TO MISS WALTON!
OPEN AND SHUT! MISS WALTON INVEIGLED CRANE INTO CHANGING HIS WILL IN HER FAVOR!--- THEN QUICKLY MURDERED HIM BEFORE HE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT!
AND STILL LATER--
WHERE DID MISS WALTON SLIP UP, MIKE?
WHEN SHE SAID SHE HAD COME TO WORK AS USUAL, AT NINE O'CLOCK--- SHE TOOK NOTES AND TYPED THEM, WHICH PLACED THE MURDER AT ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK, ACCORDING TO HER---BUT THE CORONER HAD ALREADY TOLD ME THE CORPSE WAS DEAD THREE HOURS WHICH PLACED THE TIME OF THE MURDER AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

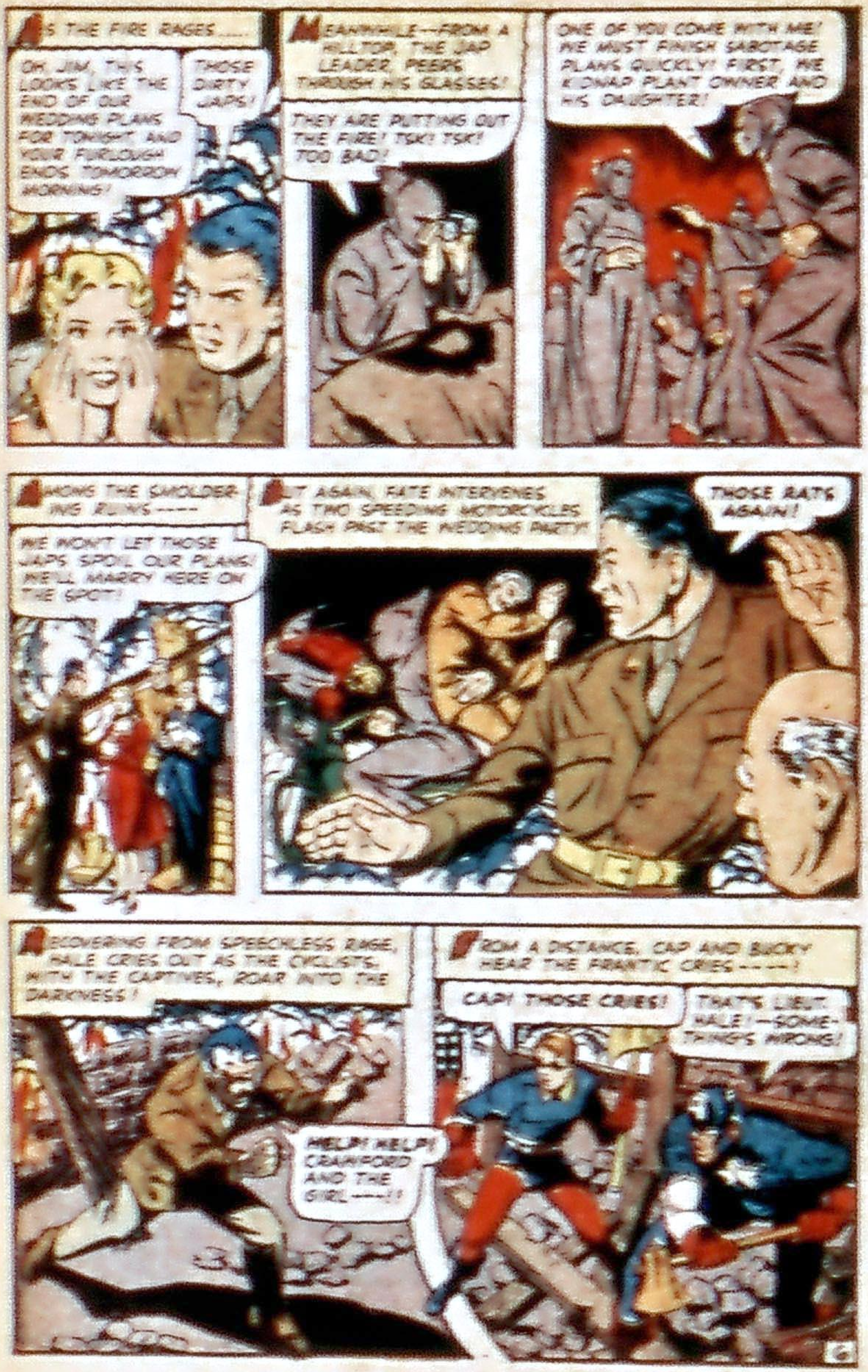

CAPTAIN AMERICA
SKYMASTER BOMBER PLANT
"RIDERS OF DEATH"

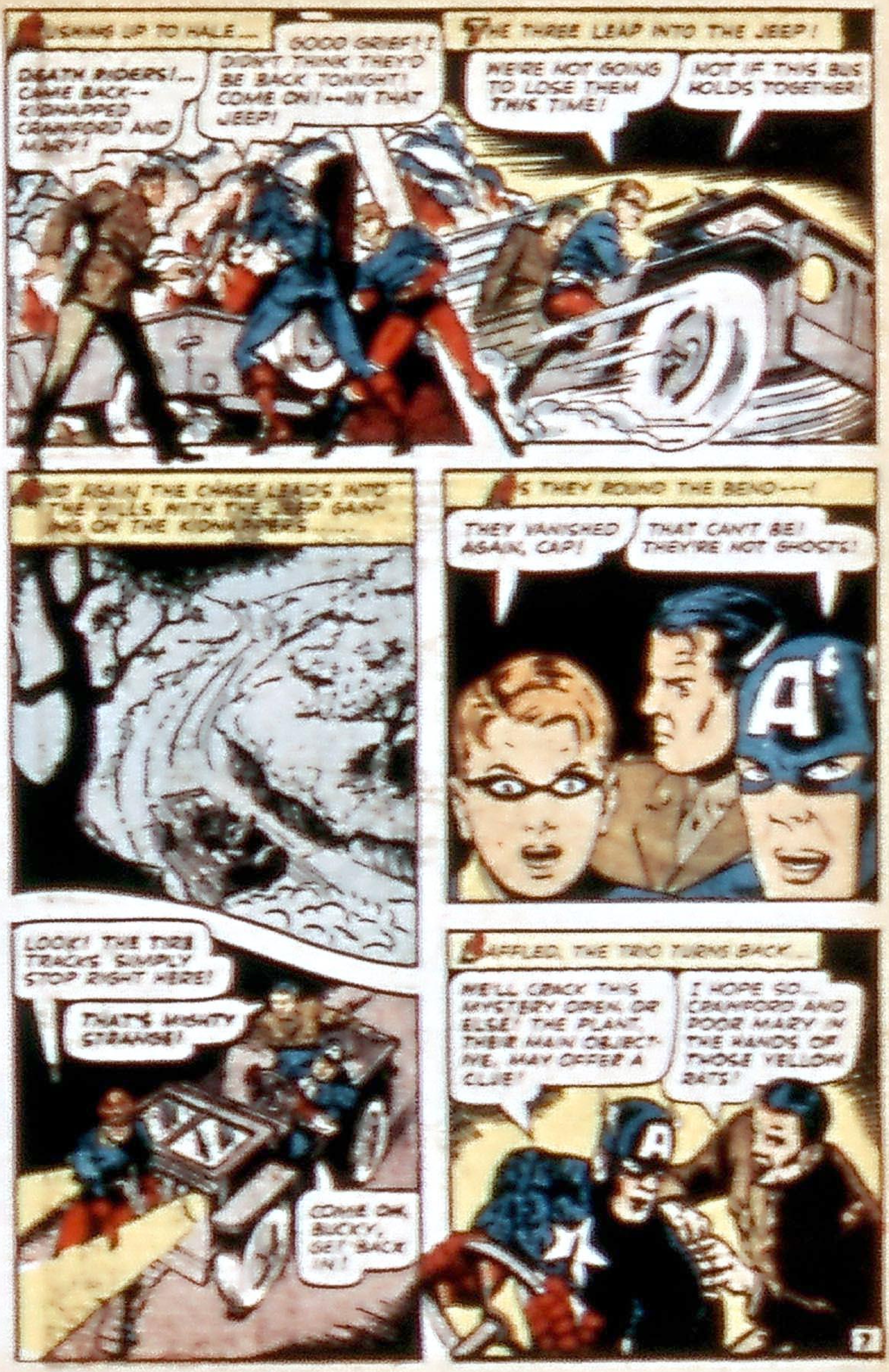

TWO FAMILIAR SOLDIERS, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNS, DEPART ON LEAVE ....
YOU TWO GUYS ANSWER ROLL CALL IN THE MORNING,--OR ELSE--GET ME?
SURE THING, SARGE!
YOU BET, SIR!
AS STEVE AND BUCKY TRUDGE TOWARDS THE NEAREST LIGHTS....
THIS TOWN DOESN'T LOOK VERY INTERESTING--
I KNOW, BUT IT'S THE NEAREST PLACE AND WE HAVEN'T TIME TO GO TO THE CITY!
THIS SETTLEMENT SPRANG UP AROUND THE CRAWFORD BOMBER PLANT! 60,000 PEOPLE LIVE AND WORK HERE!
A WHOLE TOWN BUILDING BOMBERS THAT'LL LICK THE AXIS!
A MOMENT LATER, STEVE AND BUCKY PAUSE BEFORE A LIGHTED WINDOW AND WATCH AS LIEUTENANT HALE IS ABOUT TO BE MARRIED TO THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY CRAWFORD, OWNER OF THE BIG BOMBER PLANT
HMMM! LUCKY GUY!
GEE, STEVE, THAT'S A PRETTY GAL THE LOOEY HAS FOR A BRIDE!
AT THE SAME INSTANT MYSTERIOUS, HOODED FIGURES SPEED THROUGH THE NIGHT IN A GHASTLY SPINE TINGLING PROCESSION TOWARDS THE QUIET TOWN ....

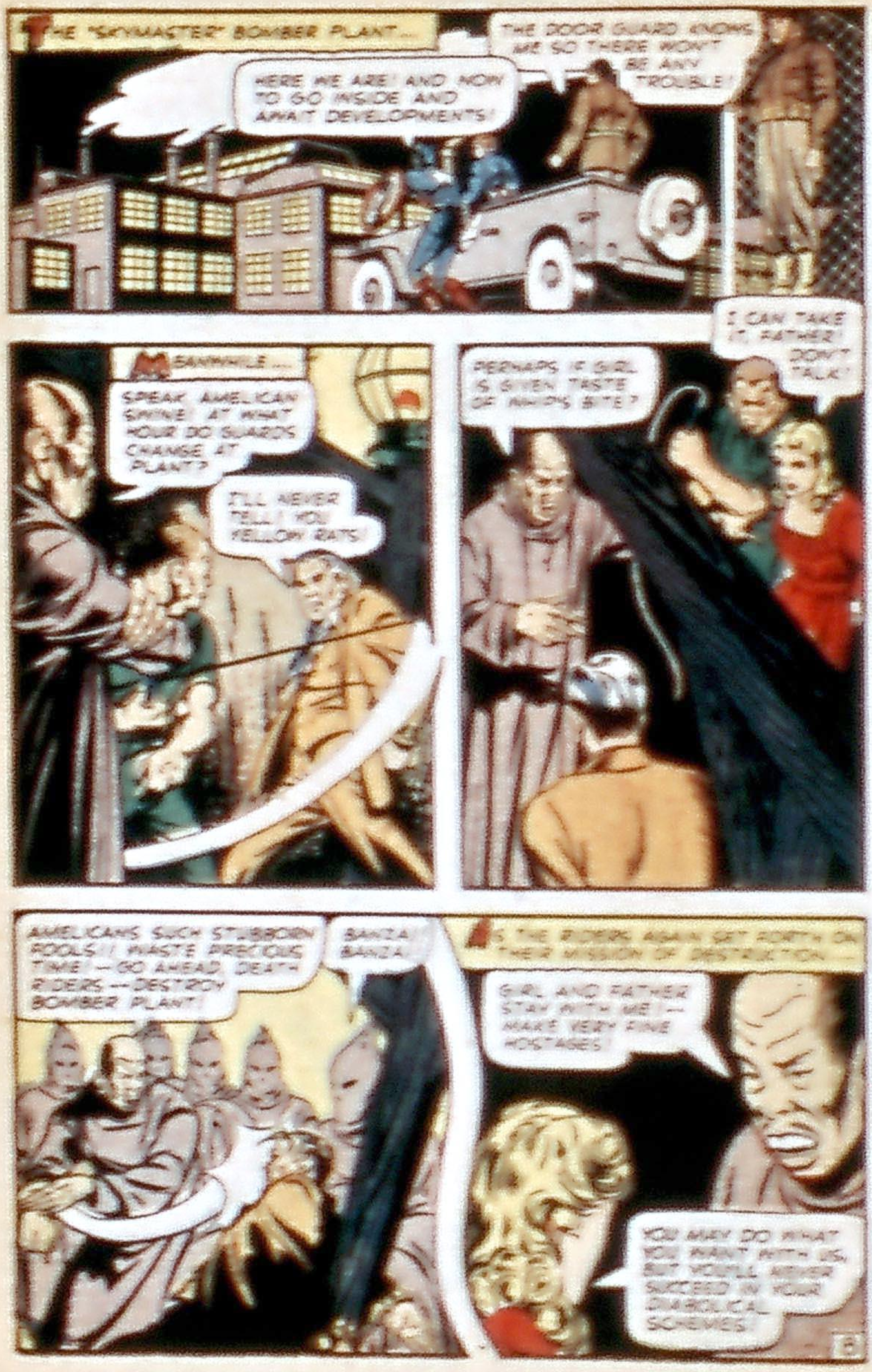

THE RIDERS TEAR THROUGH THE STREETS, RUTHLESSLY FIRING THE HOUSES IN THEIR PATH!
STEVE! THE OTHER END OF TOWN'S ON FIRE!
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S GOING ON?
STEVE! LOOK OUT!
SOMETHING FIENDISH IS HAPPENING!
YOU SAID IT! COME ON, BUCKY. THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SUDDENLY, TWO GRIM FIGURES ARE READY FOR ACTION!
DEATH RIDERS!
COME ON, CAP! LET'S GO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LEAP FOR THE LAST OF THE PASSING RIDERS!
WE'LL GET THIS BABY, BUCKY!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO'S UNDER THAT DISGUISE!

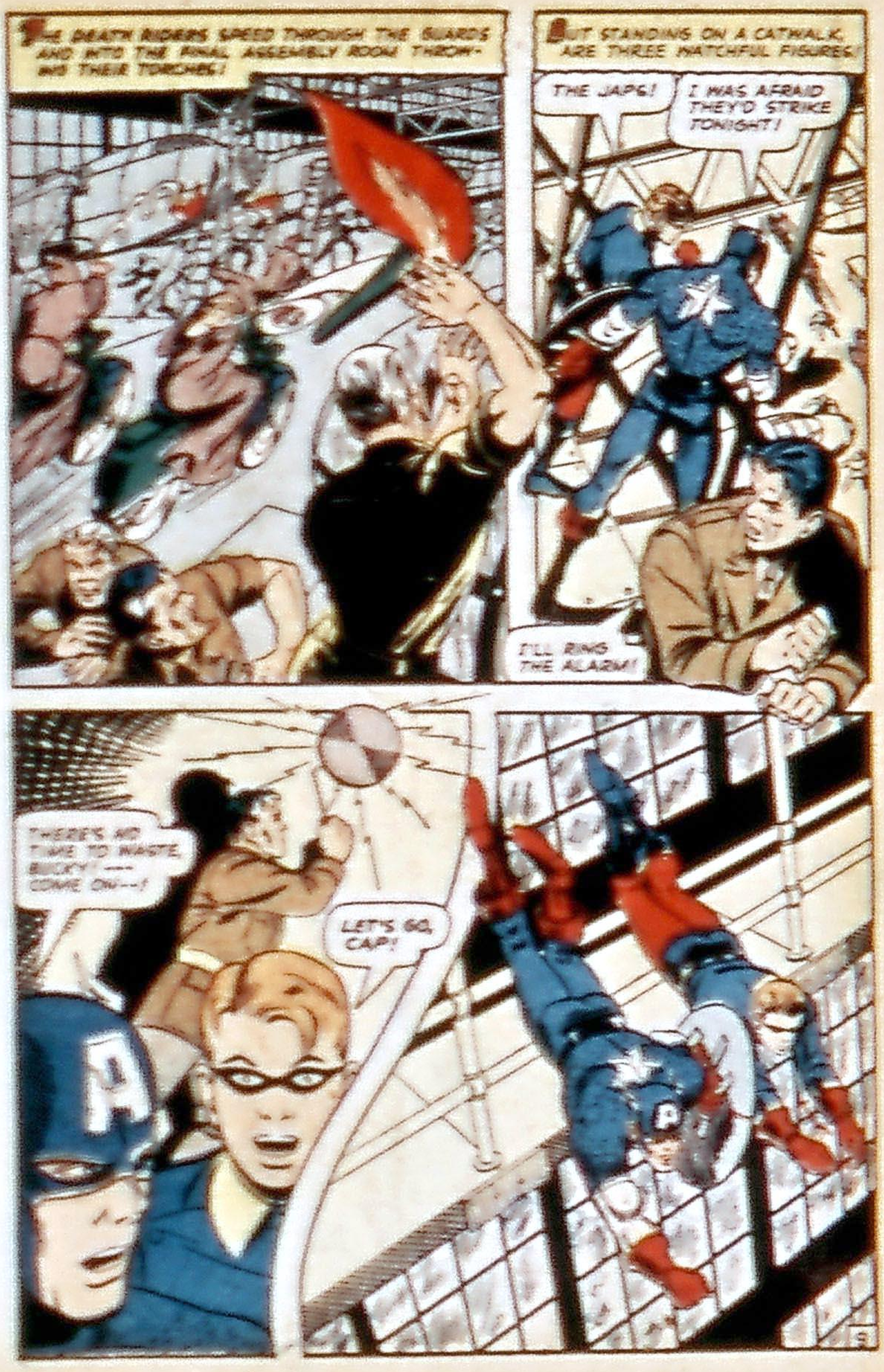

AS THE HOOD IS JERKED FROM THE RIDER'S FACE....
JAPS!
WITH THE COWARDLY JAP SECURELY TIED TO A LAMP POST, CAP'S THREATS BRING OUT A CONFESSION!
WE ARE SQUAD OF DEATH RIDERS SENT TO DESTROY BOMBER PLANT AND SABOTAGE THE U.S. WAR EFFORT--
THE OTHERS, CAP!
GET ON THIS MOTORCYCLE! WE'LL CATCH THEM!
THE PAIR GRIMLY PURSUE....
MEANWHILE....
AHH!--WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!
HONORABLE MACHINE GUN WILL STOP THEM!
BUT CAP'S SHIELD WARDS OFF THE DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, BUCKY!
AT A BEND IN THE ROAD, THE FIRING CEASES!
COME ON, CAP! JUST A LITTLE MORE SPEED!
WE'RE GAINING!--WE'LL CATCH THEM AROUND THE CORNER!

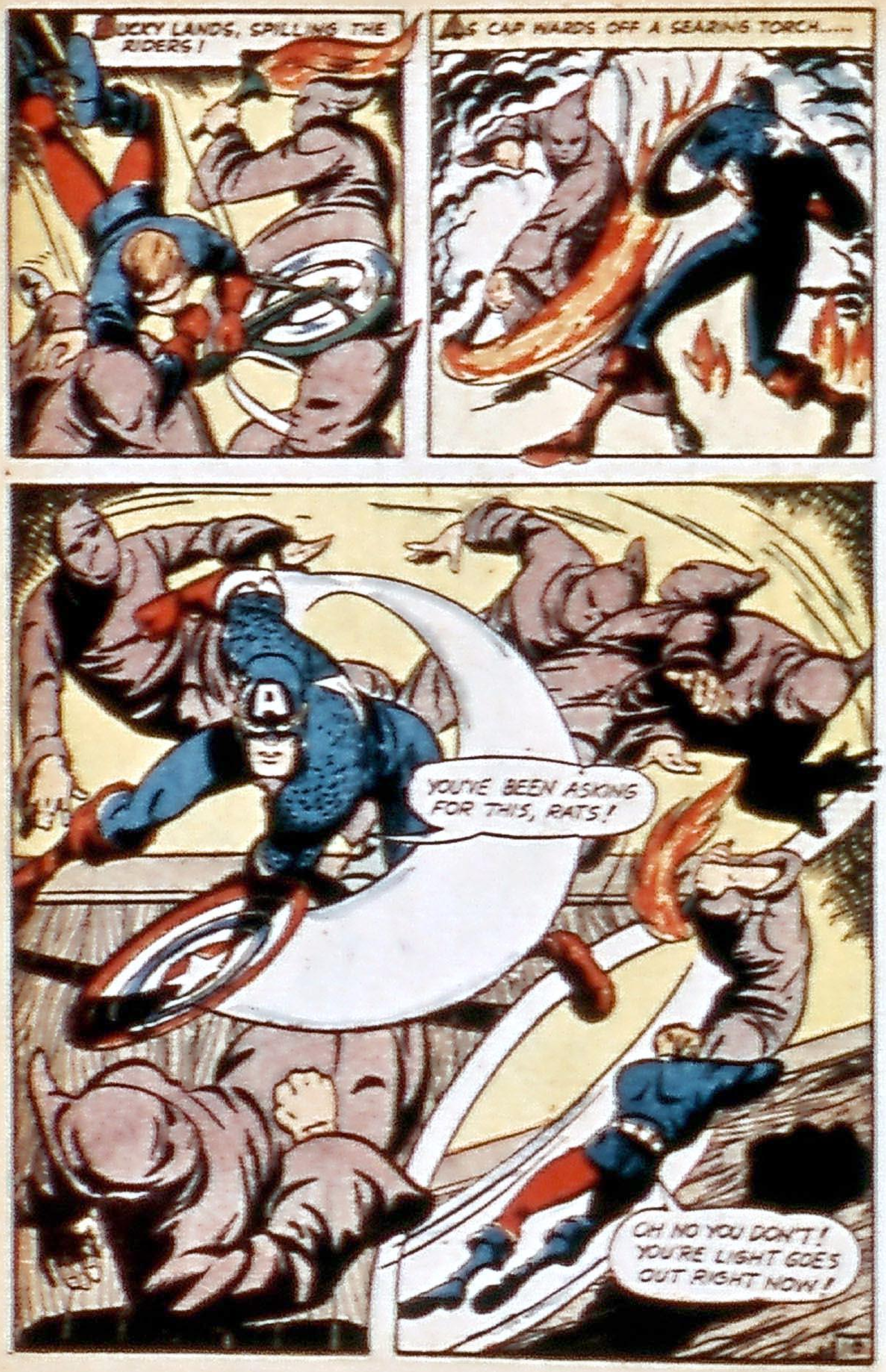

BUT AROUND THE BEND, ONLY BLACK EMPTINESS GREETS THEM!
HEY! WHERE'D THEY GO?
VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
CAP, HOW COULD THEY DISAPPEAR SO QUICKLY?
I DON'T KNOW, BUCKY! BUT AT THE MOMENT WE'D BETTER GET BACK AND HELP FIGHT THE FIRE!
BACK AT THE BURNING VILLAGE, THEY ARE ARE MET BY HENRY CRAWFORD, OWNER OF THE PLANT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, I SAW YOU CHASE THEM! DID YOU---
NO, THEY GOT AWAY! VANISHED! AND FREE TO STRIKE AGAIN!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S BAD! MY PLANT IS BUILDING THE NEW LONG-RANGE SKY-MASTER BOMBERS! IF THEY SABOTAGE PRODUCTION, IT WILL DELAY STRIKING AT TOKYO!
DON'T WORRY, MR CRAWFORD, THEY WON'T STRIKE AGAIN TONIGHT AND WE'LL---
COME ON, CAP! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE A HAND TO THE FIRE FIGHTERS!
CAP AND BUCKY GRIMLY JOIN THE FIRE FIGHTERS....

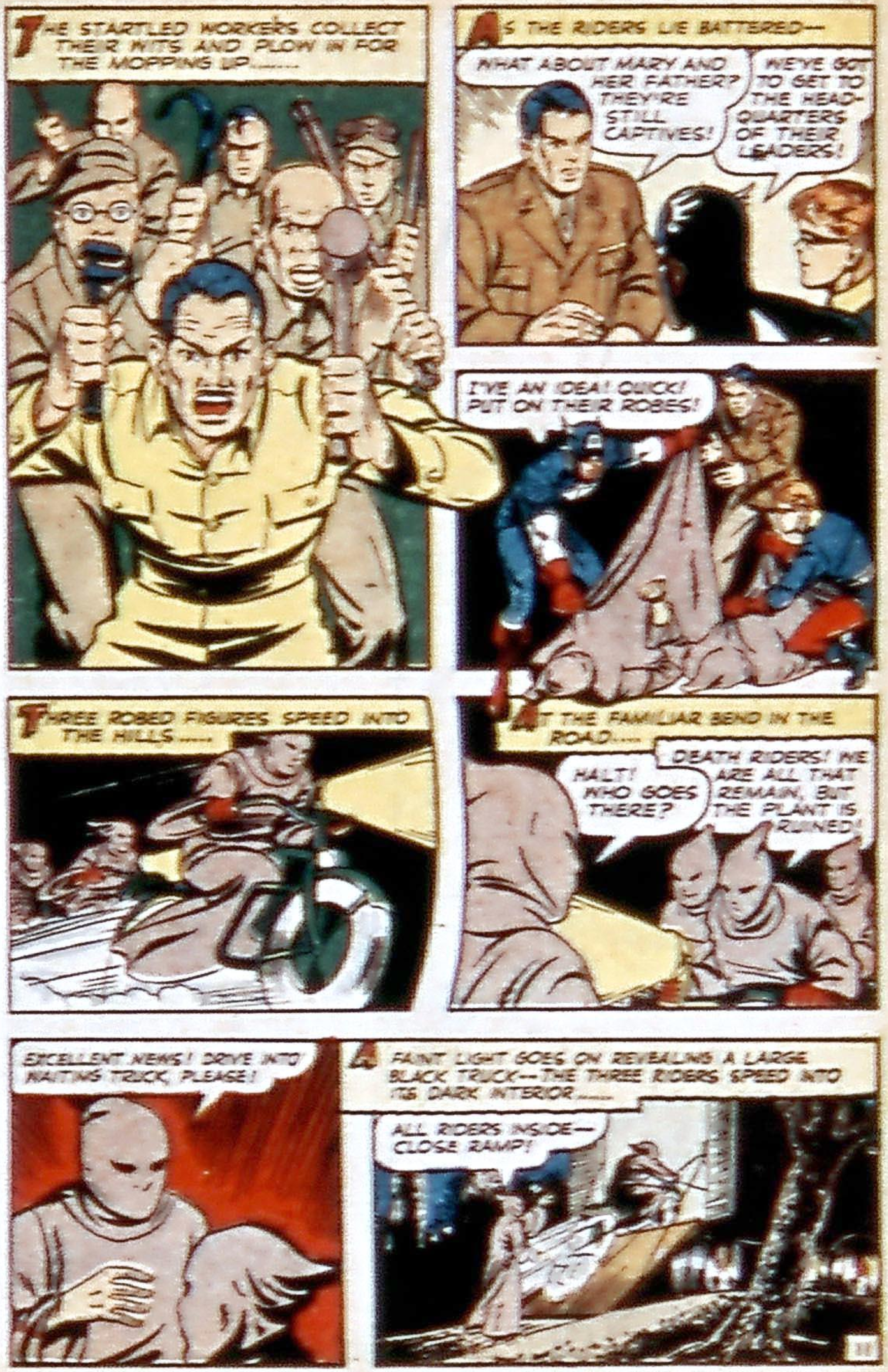

AS THE FIRE RAGES.....
OH, JIM, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF OUR WEDDING PLANS FOR TONIGHT, AND YOUR FURLOUGH ENDS TOMORROW MORNING!
THOSE DIRTY JAPS!
MEANWHILE--FROM A HILLTOP, THE JAP LEADER PEERS THROUGH HIS GLASSES!
THEY ARE PUTTING OUT THE FIRE! TSK! TSK! TOO BAD!
ONE OF YOU COME WITH ME! WE MUST FINISH SABOTAGE PLANS QUICKLY! FIRST, WE KIDNAP PLANT OWNER AND HIS DAUGHTER!
AMONG THE SMOLDERING RUINS----
WE WON'T LET THOSE JAPS SPOIL OUR PLANS! WE'LL MARRY HERE ON THE SPOT!
BUT AGAIN, FATE INTERVENES AS TWO SPEEDING MOTORCYCLES FLASH PAST THE WEDDING PARTY!
THOSE RATS AGAIN!
RECOVERING FROM SPEECHLESS RAGE, HALE CRIES OUT AS THE CYCLISTS, WITH THE CAPTIVES, ROAR INTO THE DARKNESS!
HELP! HELP! CRAWFORD AND THE GIRL---!!
FROM A DISTANCE, CAP AND BUCKY HEAR THE FRANTIC CRIES----!
CAP! THOSE CRIES!
THAT'S LIEUT. HALE!--SOMETHING'S WRONG!
6

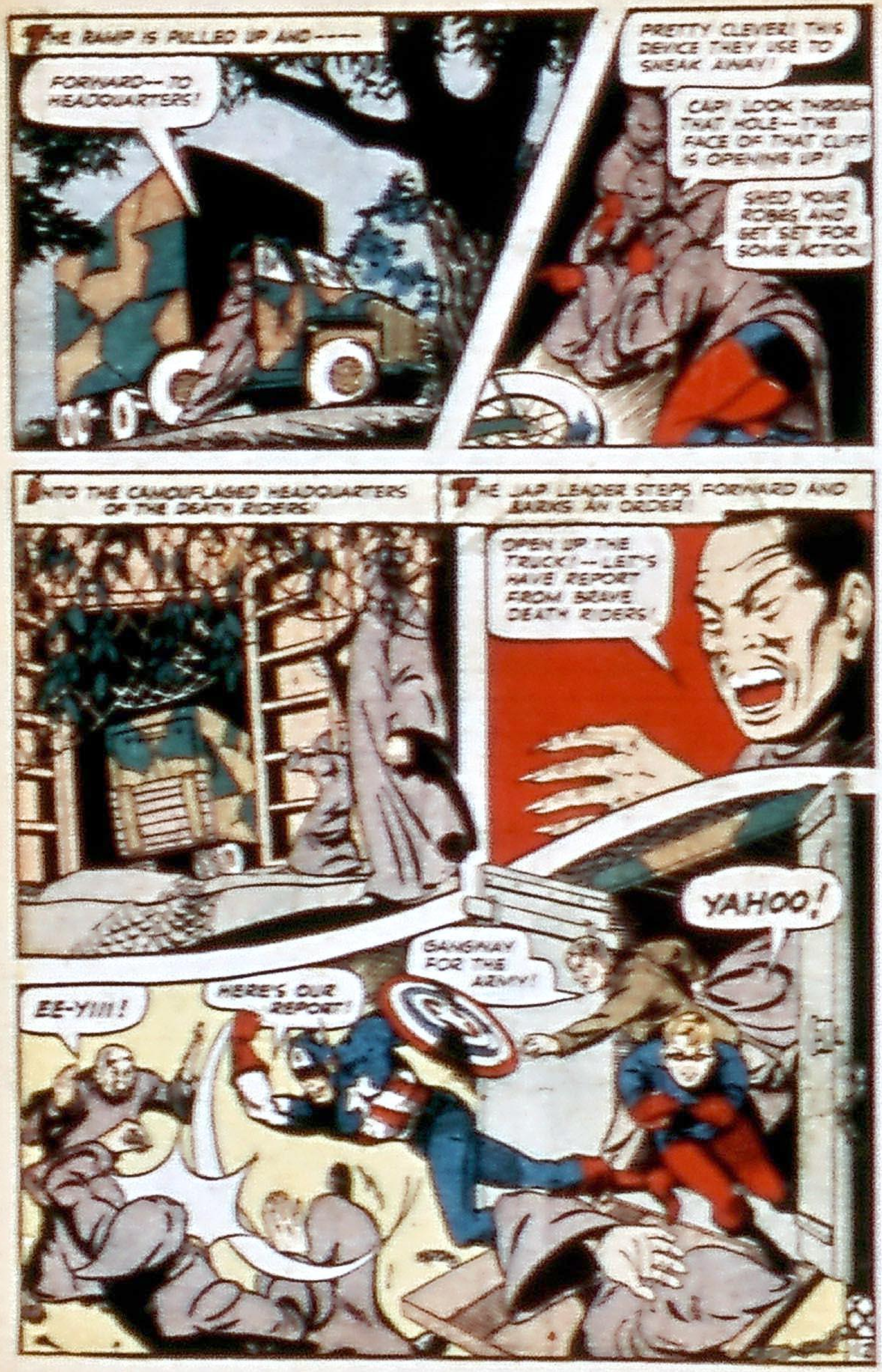

RUSHING UP TO HALE...
DEATH RIDERS!... CAME BACK-- KIDNAPPED CRAWFORD AND MARY!
GOOD GRIEF! I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE BACK TONIGHT! COME ON! --IN THAT JEEP!
THE THREE LEAP INTO THE JEEP!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE THEM THIS TIME!
NOT IF THIS BUS HOLDS TOGETHER!
AND AGAIN THE CHASE LEADS INTO THE HILLS WITH THE JEEP GAINING ON THE KIDNAPPERS.....
AS THEY ROUND THE BEND---!
THEY VANISHED AGAIN, CAP!
THAT CAN'T BE! THEY'RE NOT GHOSTS!
LOOK! THE TIRE TRACKS SIMPLY STOP RIGHT HERE!
THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE!
COME ON, BUCKY, GET BACK IN!
BAFFLED, THE TRIO TURNS BACK...
WE'LL CRACK THIS MYSTERY OPEN, OR ELSE! THE PLANT, THEIR MAIN OBJECTIVE, MAY OFFER A CLUE!
I HOPE SO... CRAWFORD AND POOR MARY IN THE HANDS OF THOSE YELLOW RATS!

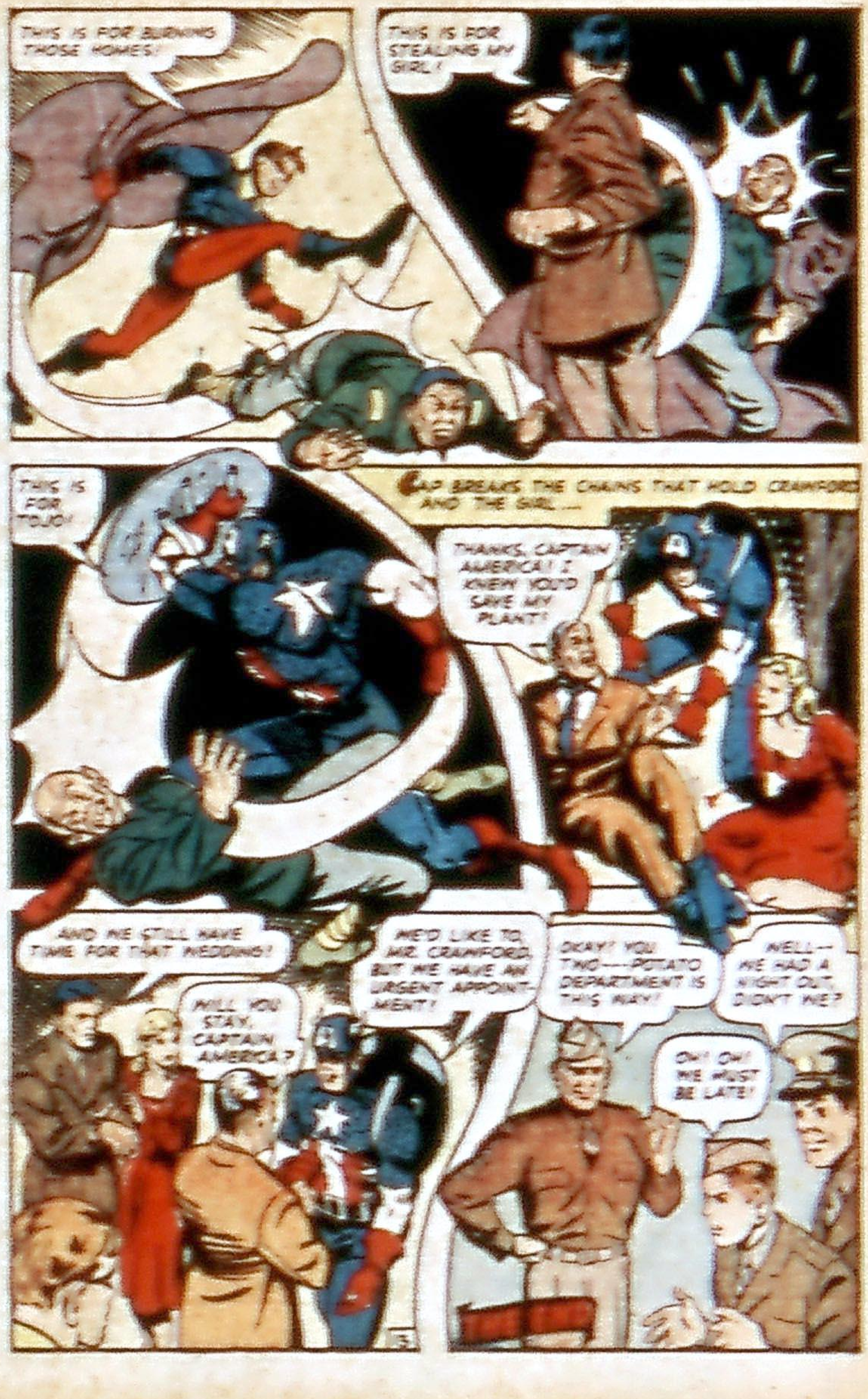

THE "SKYMASTER" BOMBER PLANT...
HERE WE ARE! AND NOW TO GO INSIDE AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!
THE DOOR GUARD KNOWS ME SO THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE!
MEANWHILE...
SPEAK AMELICAN SWINE! AT WHAT HOUR DO GUARDS CHANGE AT PLANT?
I'LL NEVER TELL! YOU YELLOW RATS!
PERHAPS IF GIRL IS GIVEN TASTE OF WHIPS BITE?
I CAN TAKE IT, FATHER! DON'T TALK!
AMELICANS SUCH STUBBORN FOOLS!! WASTE PRECIOUS TIME! —GO AHEAD DEATH RIDERS — DESTROY BOMBER PLANT!
BANZAI! BANZAI!
AS THE RIDERS AGAIN SET FORTH ON THEIR MISSION OF DESTRUCTION...
GIRL AND FATHER STAY WITH ME! — MAKE VERY FINE HOSTAGES!
YOU MAY DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH US, BUT YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED IN YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEMES!


THE DEATH RIDERS SPEED THROUGH THE GUARDS AND INTO THE FINAL ASSEMBLY ROOM THROWING THEIR TORCHES!
BUT STANDING ON A CATWALK, ARE THREE WATCHFUL FIGURES!
THE JAPS!
I WAS AFRAID THEY'D STRIKE TONIGHT!
I'LL RING THE ALARM!
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE, BUCKY! — COME ON--!
LET'S GO, CAP!


BUCKY LANDS, SPILLING THE RIDERS!
AS CAP WARDS OFF A SEARING TORCH.....
YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR THIS, RATS!
OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE LIGHT GOES OUT RIGHT NOW!


THE STARTLED WORKERS COLLECT THEIR WITS AND PLOW IN FOR THE MOPPING UP......
AS THE RIDERS LIE BATTERED—
WHAT ABOUT MARY AND HER FATHER? THEY'RE STILL CAPTIVES!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THEIR LEADERS!
I'VE AN IDEA! QUICK! PUT ON THEIR ROBES!
THREE ROBED FIGURES SPEED INTO THE HILLS.....
AT THE FAMILIAR BEND IN THE ROAD....
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
DEATH RIDERS! WE ARE ALL THAT REMAIN, BUT THE PLANT IS RUINED!
EXCELLENT NEWS! DRIVE INTO WAITING TRUCK, PLEASE!
A FAINT LIGHT GOES ON REVEALING A LARGE BLACK TRUCK—THE THREE RIDERS SPEED INTO ITS DARK INTERIOR.....
ALL RIDERS INSIDE—CLOSE RAMP!


THE RAMP IS PULLED UP AND---
FORWARD--TO HEADQUARTERS!
PRETTY CLEVER! THIS DEVICE THEY USE TO SNEAK AWAY!
CAP! LOOK THROUGH THAT HOLE--THE FACE OF THAT CLIFF IS OPENING UP!
SHED YOUR ROBES AND GET SET FOR SOME ACTION!
INTO THE CAMOUFLAGED HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEATH RIDERS!
THE JAP LEADER STEPS FORWARD AND BARKS AN ORDER!
OPEN UP THE TRUCK!--LET'S HAVE REPORT FROM BRAVE DEATH RIDERS!
YAHOO!
GANGWAY FOR THE ARMY!
HERE'S OUR REPORT!
EE-YIII!


THIS IS FOR BURNING THOSE HOMES!
THIS IS FOR STEALING MY GIRL!
THIS IS FOR TOJO!
CAP BREAKS THE CHAINS THAT HOLD CRAWFORD AND THE GIRL...
THANKS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I KNEW YOU'D SAVE MY PLANT!
AND WE STILL HAVE TIME FOR THAT WEDDING!
WILL YOU STAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA?
WE'D LIKE TO, MR. CRAWFORD, BUT WE HAVE AN URGENT APPOINTMENT!
OKAY! YOU TWO---POTATO DEPARTMENT IS THIS WAY!
WELL— WE HAD A NIGHT OUT, DIDN'T WE?
OH! OH! WE MUST BE LATE!

ON THE SQUARE

JUNIOR Waring, fifteen years old, made a wry grimace as he watched Dr. Glendon approaching. He grunted under his breath to Dr. Schauf, kindly old dean of Central City's doctors and head of the Advisory Public Health Committee. "Here comes Dr. Know-it-all. He'll tell us what's wrong with this first aid class and what's wrong with us and with Central City. He's a big shot from the big city and he thinks Central City is just an old hick town."

Dr. Glendon was distinguished in appearance, with his long hair brushed over his ears and his Van Dyke beard trimmed to a point on his aggressive jaw. He wore a monocle on a gold chain pinned to his lapel and he walked and talked with evident consciousness of his own importance. He stopped in front of the young boy and the older doctor. He fingered curiously a bandage which Junior had been demonstrating on the head of a young pupil. He frowned at Junior. "What have we here?"

Junior frowned, too. He didn't like Dr. Glendon putting on airs. "That's a compound head bandage tied with a french knot."

Dr. Glendon said, "Yes, yes, to be sure." He patted Junior on the head and told him to run along. "I have something very important to discuss with Dr. Schauf."

Dr. Schauf said, "Dr. Glendon, I'm sorry that there aren't more adults present at our first aid class tonight. It seems as if we can get the youngsters interested in our first aid class but their parents don't seem to care about it."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. You have no adults because you have done nothing to attract the adults. You've got a teen age boy scout doing the teaching. I expect to substitute a group of nice-looking young girls in white uniforms. Something that will attract men to the classes."

Dr. Schauf objected. "But Junior has won medals for first-aid work all over the state, Dr. Glendon. We can't just kick him out like——"

Junior, who had been listening, said, "Girls don't know nuthin'——about nuthin'."

Dr. Glendon smiled his superior smile. "I don't care whether they know anything about first aid or not. I want to use this first aid class to attract prospects and solicit contributions to the Central City Clinic. I can attract more men with money to donate by employing personable young ladies to do the instructing."

Junior grunted. "You can do what? Maybe you don't know it, but Dr. Schauf happens to be chairman of the School Board and you couldn't even have the first aid class here in the High School if he didn't say you could."

Dr. Glendon smiled coldly. "Dr. Schauf has nothing to say. I have spoken to the Mayor and he agrees that this first aid class is a good way to create interest in the proposed Central City Clinic and that through it we can find prospects to raise the $50,000 we need for the clinic."

DR. SCHAUF smiled wanly. "You'll pardon my pessimism, Dr. Glendon, but I don't believe that you can establish a clinic such as you have been suggesting for a mere $50,000."

"You are just an old fossil, Dr. Schauf. I have no time to argue with you. Tomorrow night's first aid class will be conducted under my orders right here in this room. I am going to use young ladies for instructors instead of these young boys. I have already deposited some nine thousand dollars in Central City banks and I am getting more money every hour. The Mayor has ordered all city employees, not on duty at night, to enroll in these classes. I intend to show you how a promotional campaign like this should be conducted."

A REPORTER with a flash-light camera walked up close to the group and snapped a picture of Dr. Glendon. He blinked his eyes at the sudden flash and then patted the arm of the reporter. "Thanks, old man, I hope it shows up well in the paper."

The reporter grinned. "I hope so, too, Dr. Glendon. By the way, Doctor, what college did you graduate from? I'm writing an article about you, too, for the paper."

"Johns Millerton. Dr. Forbes was the president."

Dr. Schauf interrupted. "That's interesting. That was my college too. Is Dr. Forbes still as fat as ever?"

"Yes, indeed he is. Big as a house." Dr. Glendon stepped forward suddenly and his arm bumped that of the reporter; the camera dropped to the floor. The case snapped open and the roll of film rolled out on the floor, ruined.

Dr. Glendon was profuse in his apologies. "I'm sorry. I'll be glad to give you another chance to get a picture for your paper later."

The reporter and Dr. Glendon walked away arm in arm. Junior Waring stuck out his tongue at their retreating backs and then grunted to Dr. Schaul. "I wouldn't let that dude bawl me out like he did you . . . called you an old fossil. I think he's a phoney."

Dr. Schaul smiled sheepishly. "Why do you say that, Junior? I think he broke that camera on purpose so his picture wouldn't appear in the paper. He has the actions of a confidence man more than a doctor but I can't prove it."

Junior grinned. "He ain't no doctor!" He stood on tip-toe and whispered into Dr. Schaul's ear.

The old doctor grinned. "You sure of that, Junior?"

"Of course, I'm sure."

"Then I think we ought to go to the City Hall and have a talk with the Chief of Police. Dr. Glendon lied about the President of John Jefferson, too. Said he was big as a house and Dr. Forbes is probably one of the skinniest men in the United States."

* * * * *

THE next evening the gymnasium of the High School was jammed with adults who had enrolled in the first aid class. Shapely and comely young girls in crisp, white uniforms were ready to act as their instructors. Dr. Glendon was much in evidence, circulating around the big room with pledge blanks on which citizens could donate either cash or checks to the campaign to raise funds for the proposed Central City Clinic.

Dr. Glendon made a speech to the assembled citizens, praising them for their generosity in donating to such a public campaign. He waved his arms in oratorical gestures and acted with such charming politeness that even Dr. Schaul had to admit that the man had a winning personality.

It was while Dr. Glendon was still talking that Junior Waring burst into the gymnasium with an excited gleam in his eager brown eyes. He hurried at once to the side of Dr. Schaul. "Doctor, has the Chief of Police heard anything about Dr. Glendon yet? Is he a crook or not? What did the FBI have to say about him?"

Dr. Schaul shook his head. "Haven't gathered much information about him. The license number on Dr. Glendon's big car shows that it belongs to a garage in Hannibal. There's nothing wrong with that, of course; he has a perfect right to rent a car if he wants to do so. And Chief of Police Hartman hasn't received a report from the FBI on Dr. Glendon's fingerprints. Have you any news, Junior?"

"Only this. Dr. Glendon hasn't deposited any money in either of the Central City banks. The Gem City Bank seems to think he put it in the State Bank and the State Bank thinks he put it in the Gem City. Dr. Glendon checked out of the hotel an hour ago—said he was moving to a private home. But his chauffeur is waiting in the big limousine about two blocks down the street. Looks to me like they might be getting ready to skip town. I think we ought to have the big crook arrested. We can ask questions later."

Dr. Glendon ended his speech at just that moment. "Friends, I want to thank you again for your generous response to our plea for funds for a new clinic for Central City. You have given nearly ten thousand dollars and I am sure that the campaign will go over the top in the near future. Now I must leave you to attend another meeting. Thank you." He stepped down from the platform, carrying a black bag full of cash and checks.

AT JUST that minute Chief of Police Hartman broke into the gymnasium, all out of breath. He snapped a pair of handcuffs over Dr. Glendon's wrists before the doctor knew what was happening.

Dr. Schaul and Junior were right on deck. "Did you get a report from the FBI on him, Chief?"

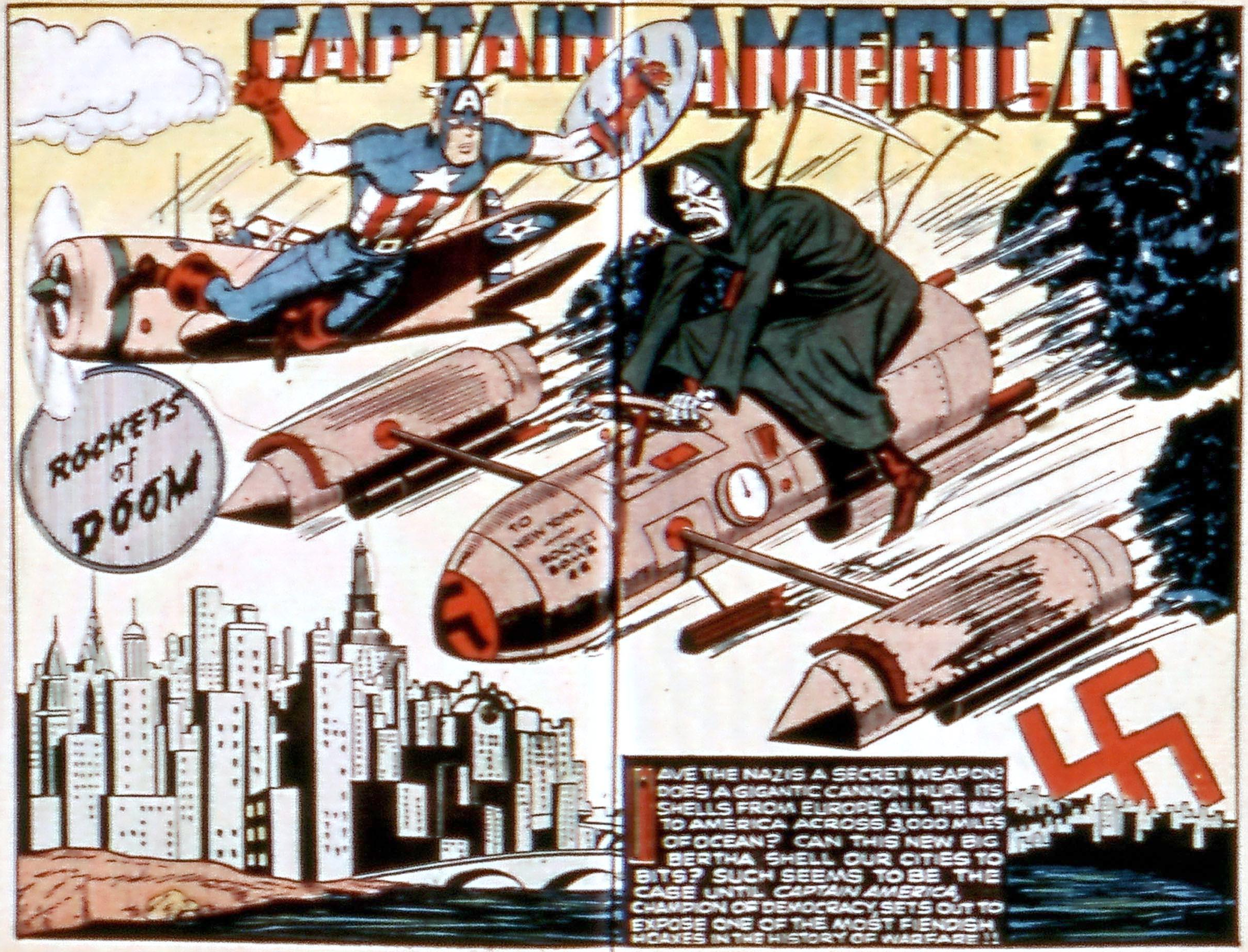
The Chief grunted. "Did I. He ain't no more doctor than I am. His real name is Slick Welsh, one of the cleverest confidence men in the business. We nabbed that chauffeur and that big car of his down the street a ways . . . ready to skip town."

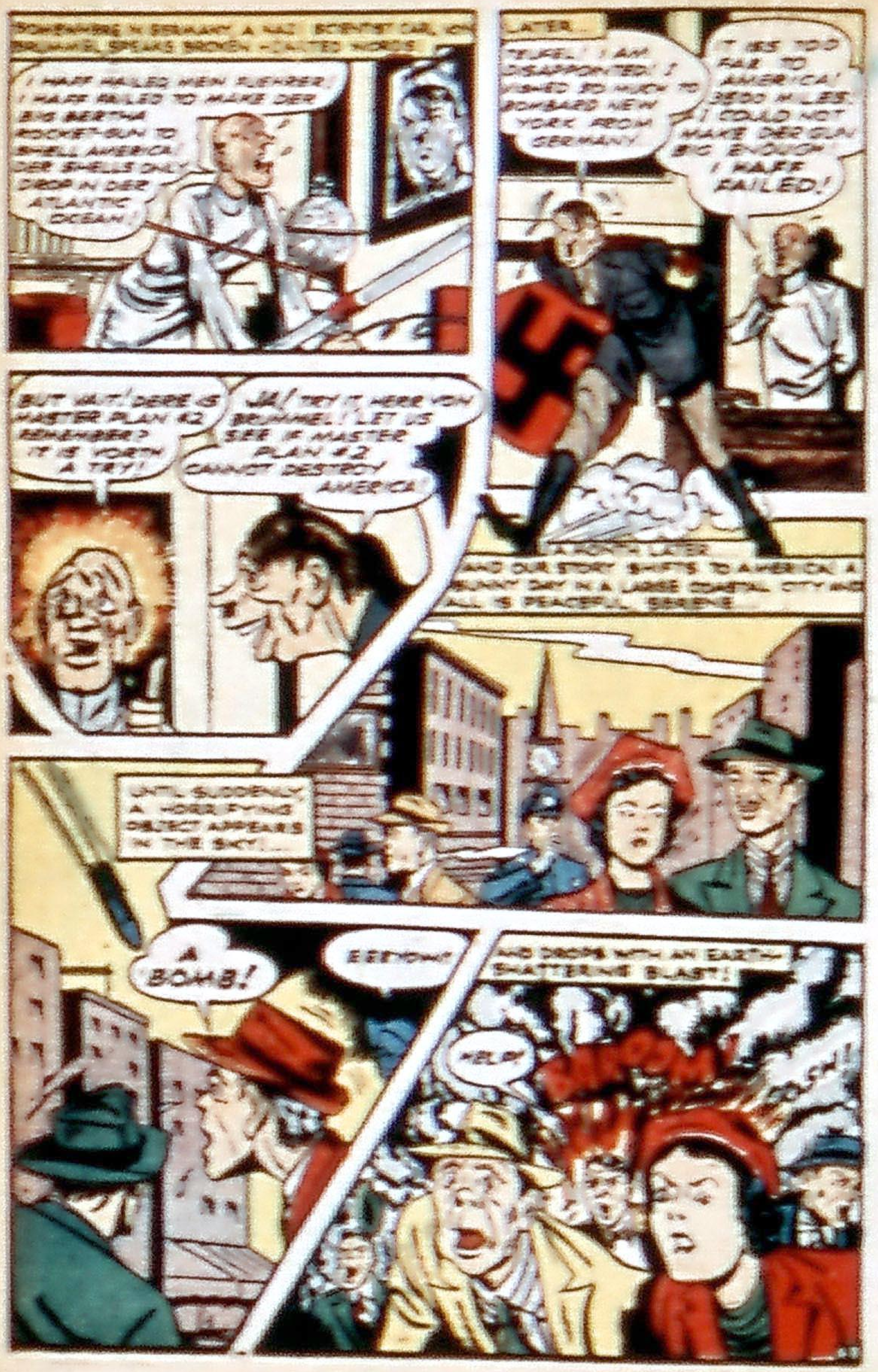
Police escorted the fake doctor and the chauffeur to jail. Chief Hartman told everybody that only Dr. Schaul's tip had enabled the officers to nab the crook before he had escaped with thousands of dollars of Central City citizen's money.

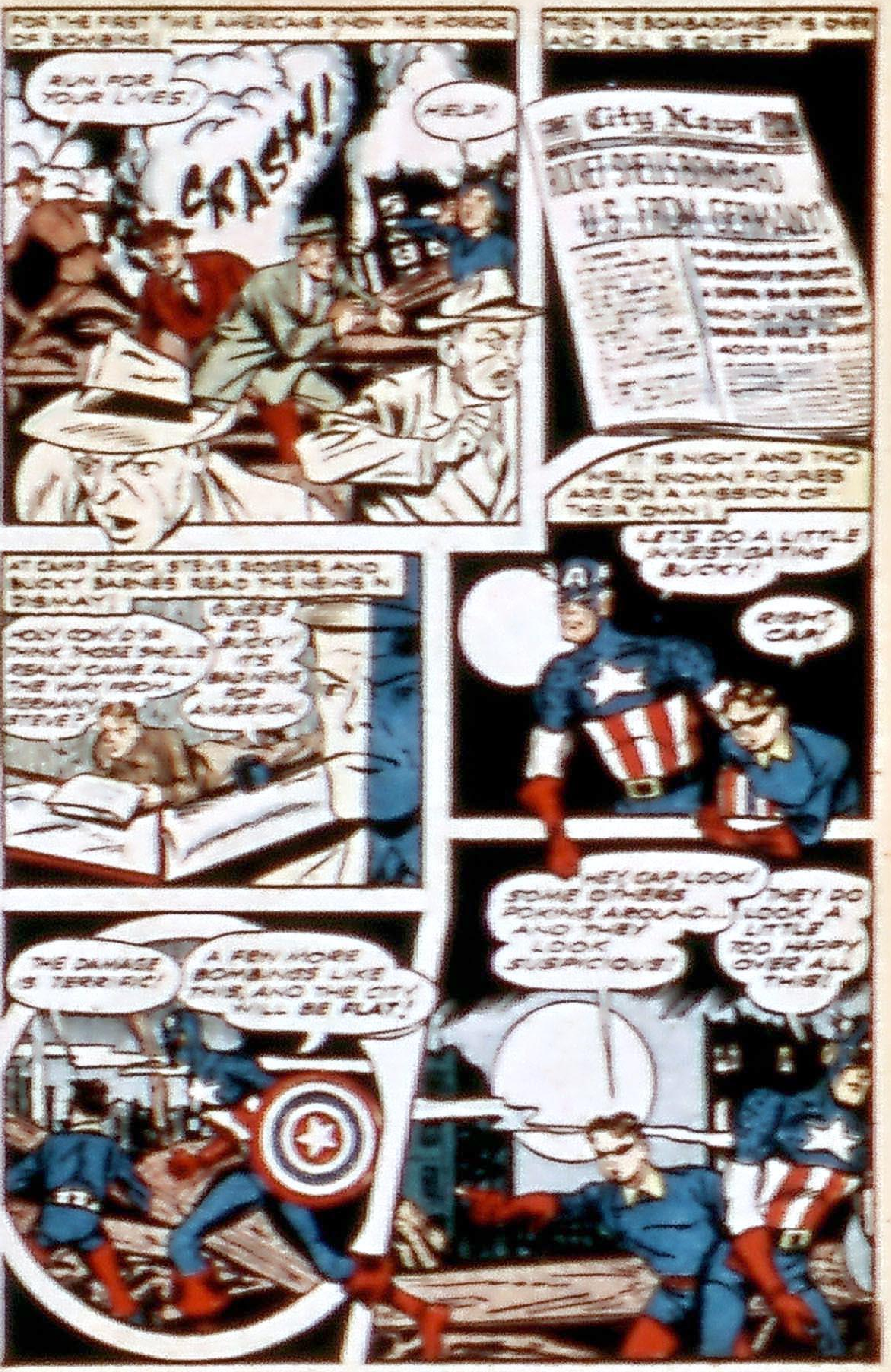
Dr. Schaul grinned and put his arm around Junior. "I suspected that Dr. Glendon was not all that he seemed to be. But Junior here really gave me the tip that clinched the truth that he was not a doctor. He gave me the tip that proves that he should be teaching this class again tomorrow night. Tell them, Junior."

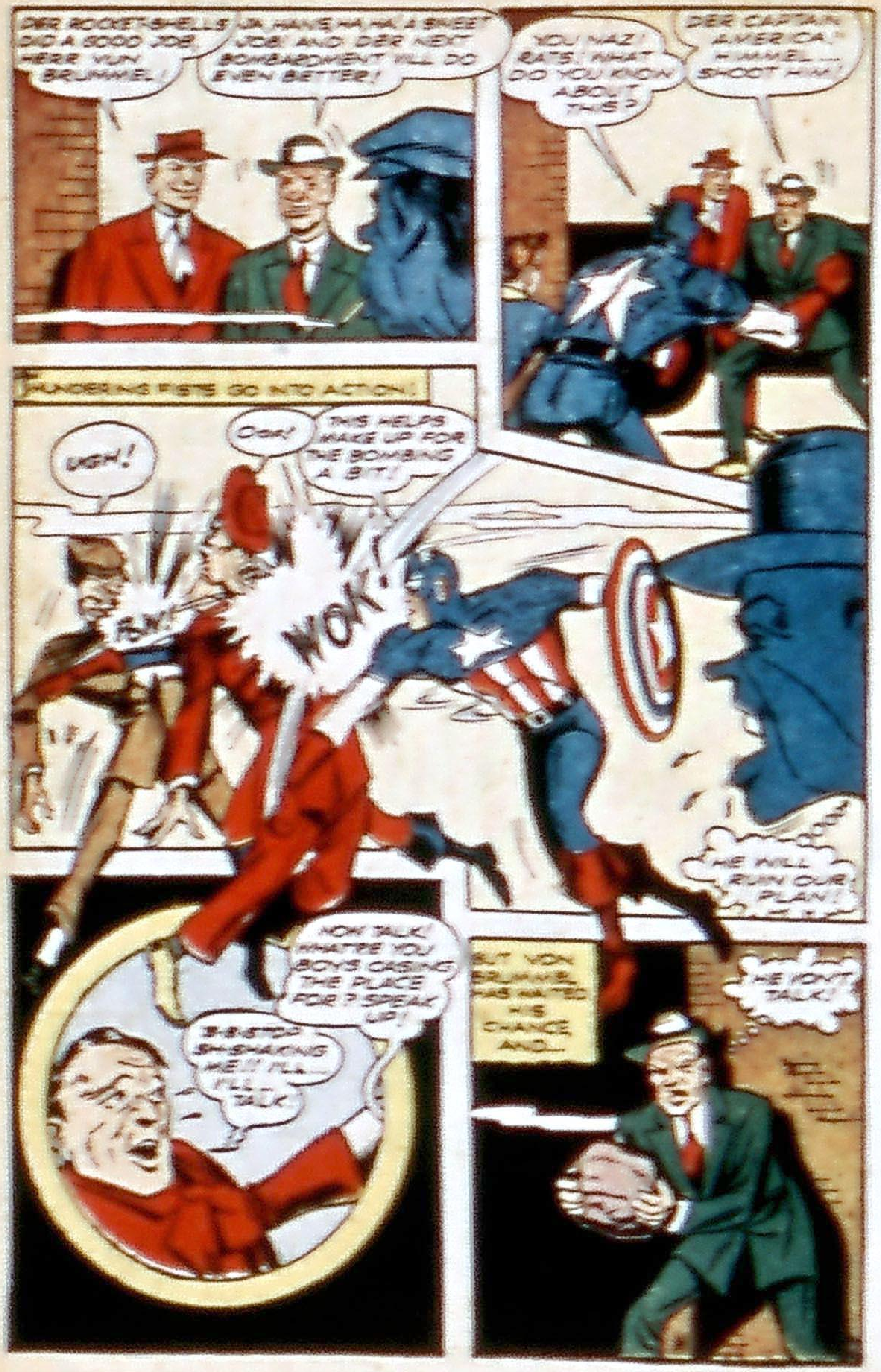
Junior smiled. "It was easy. Last night Dr. Glendon asked me what kind of a knot I had tied in a bandage and he said O.K. when I told him it was a 'Rock knot.' There is no such thing as a 'Rock knot' in first aid and if he'd been a real doctor he'd have known it. It was nothing but a simple square knot."

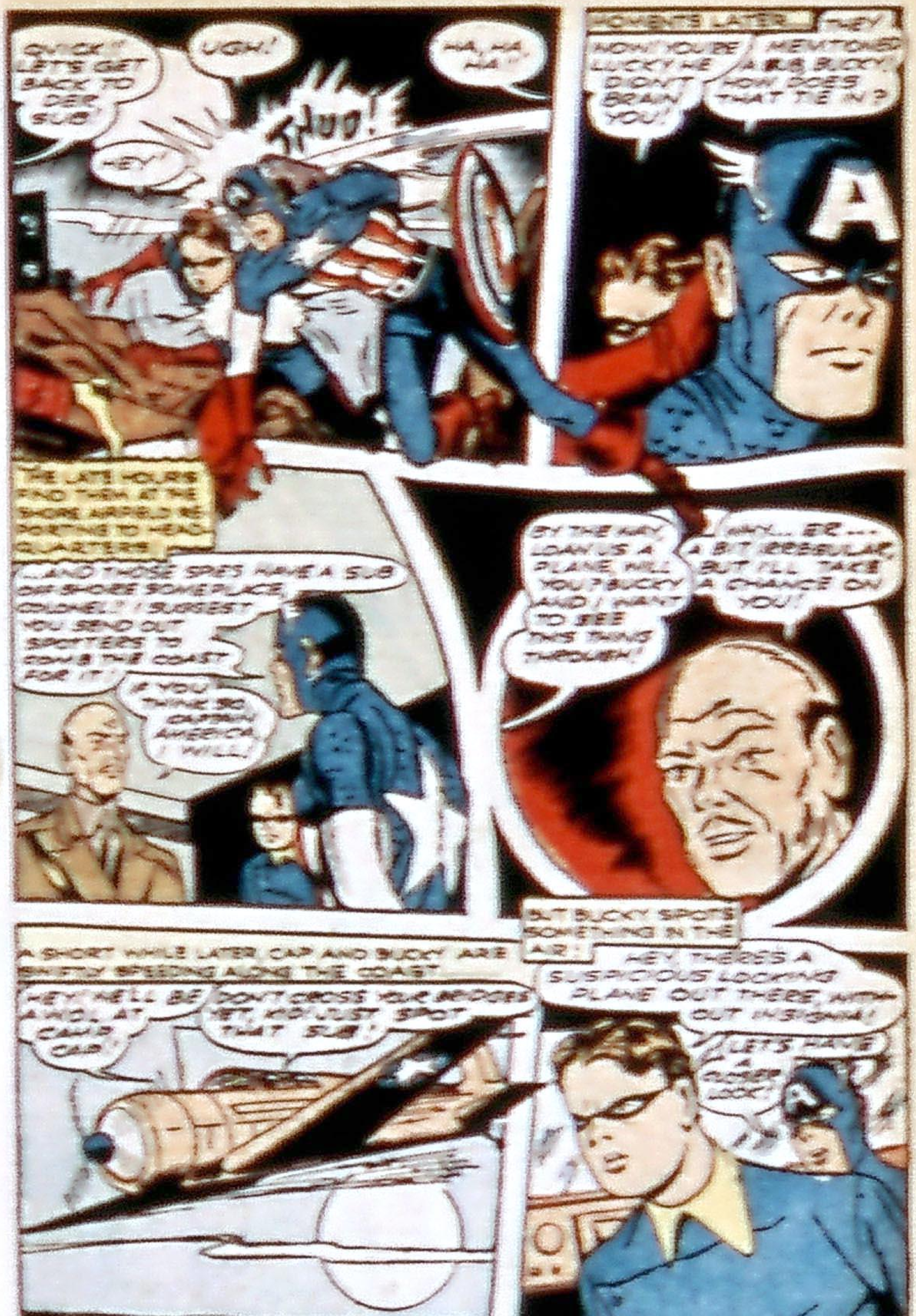
THE END

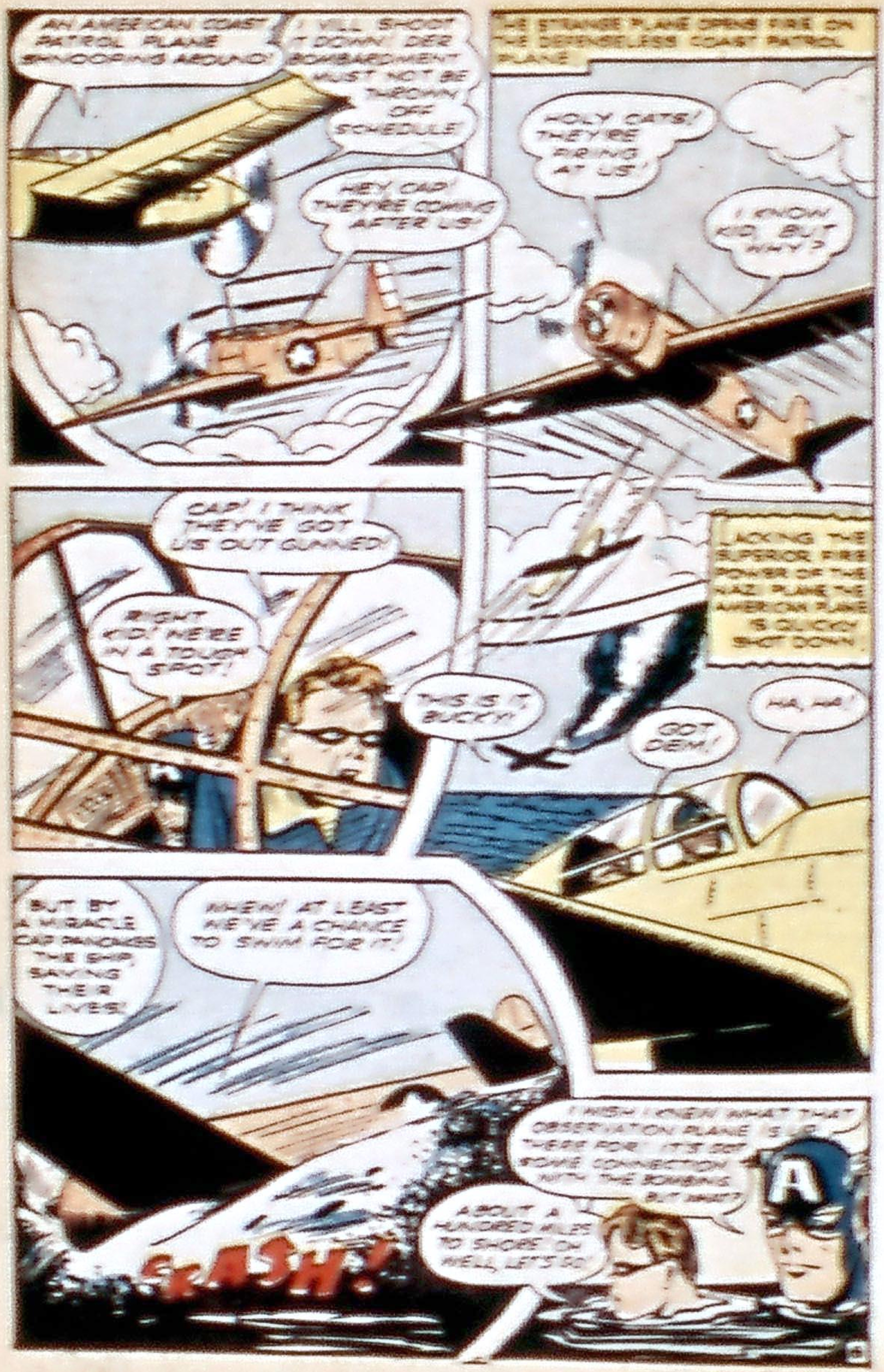

CAPTAIN AMERICA
ROCKETS of DOOM
HAVE THE NAZIS A SECRET WEAPON? DOES A GIGANTIC CANNON HURL ITS SHELLS FROM EUROPE ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA ACROSS 3,000 MILES OF OCEAN? CAN THIS NEW BIG BERTHA SHELL OUR CITIES TO BITS? SUCH SEEMS TO BE THE CASE UNTIL CAPTAIN AMERICA, CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY, SETS OUT TO EXPOSE ONE OF THE MOST FIENDISH HOAXES IN THE HISTORY OF WARFARE!!

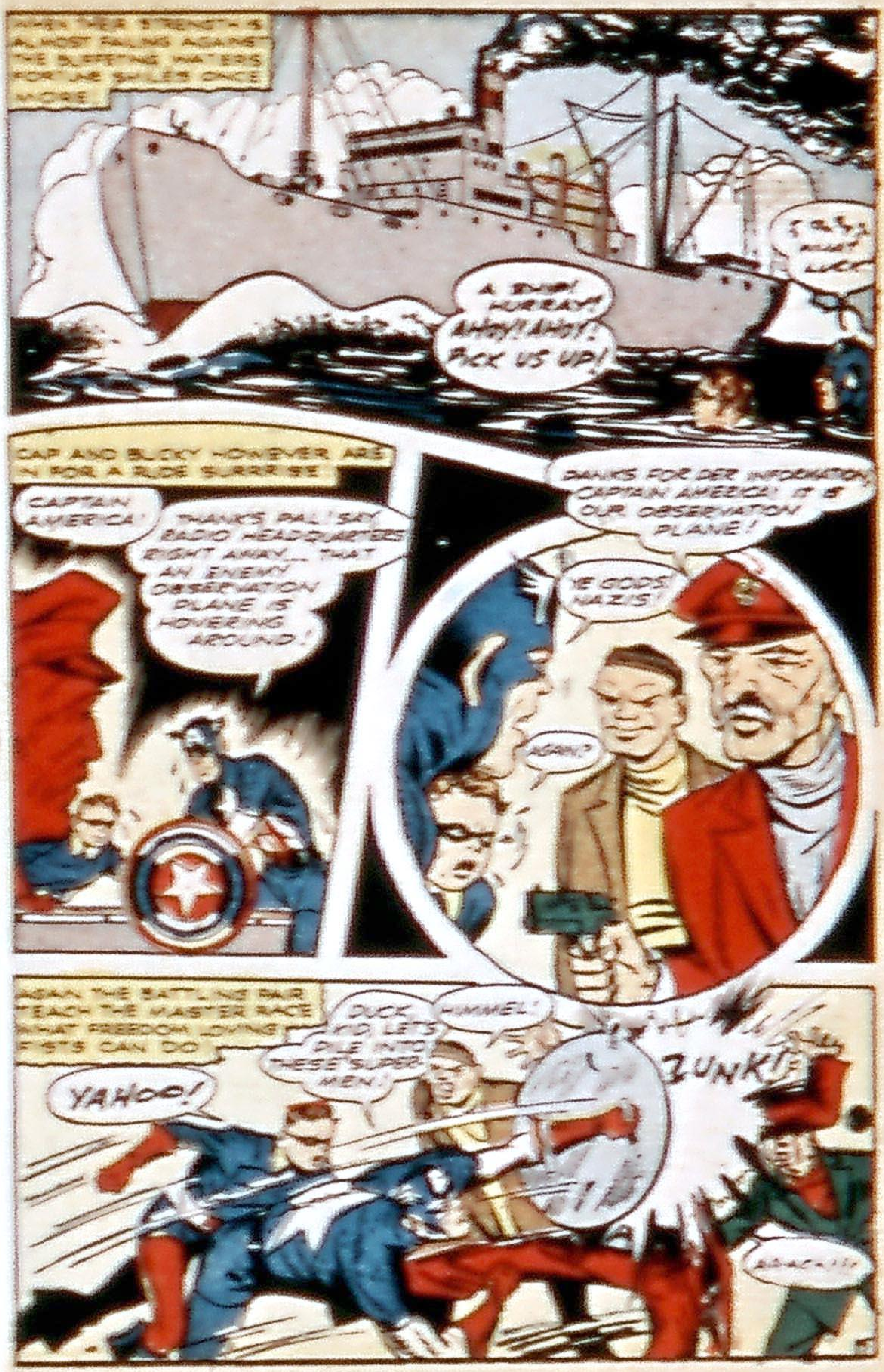

SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY A NAZI SCIENTIST CARL VON BRUMMEL SPEAKS BROKEN-HEARTED WORDS
I HAFF FAILED MEIN FUEHRER! I HAFF FAILED TO MAKE DER BIG BERTHA ROCKET-GUN TO SHELL AMERICA! DER SHELLS ONLY DROP IN DER ATLANTIC OCEAN!
LATER...
TEUFEL! I AM DISAPPOINTED! I WISHED SO MUCH TO BOMBARD NEW YORK FROM GERMANY
IT IES TOO FAR TO AMERICA! 3600 MILES. I COULD NOT MAKE DER GUN BIG ENOUGH I HAFF FAILED!
BUT VAIT! DERE IS MASTER PLAN #2 REMEMBER? IT IS VORTH A TRY!
JA! TRY IT HERR VON BRUMMEL! LET US SEE IF MASTER PLAN #2 CANNOT DESTROY AMERICA!
A MONTH LATER
AND OUR STORY SHIFTS TO AMERICA ON A SUNNY DAY IN A LARGE COASTAL CITY AND ALL IS PEACEFUL, SERENE...
UNTIL SUDDENLY A HORRIFYING OBJECT APPEARS IN THE SKY...
A BOMB!
EEEYOW!
AND DROPS WITH AN EARTH-SHATTERING BLAST!
HELP!
BAROOM!
CRASH!

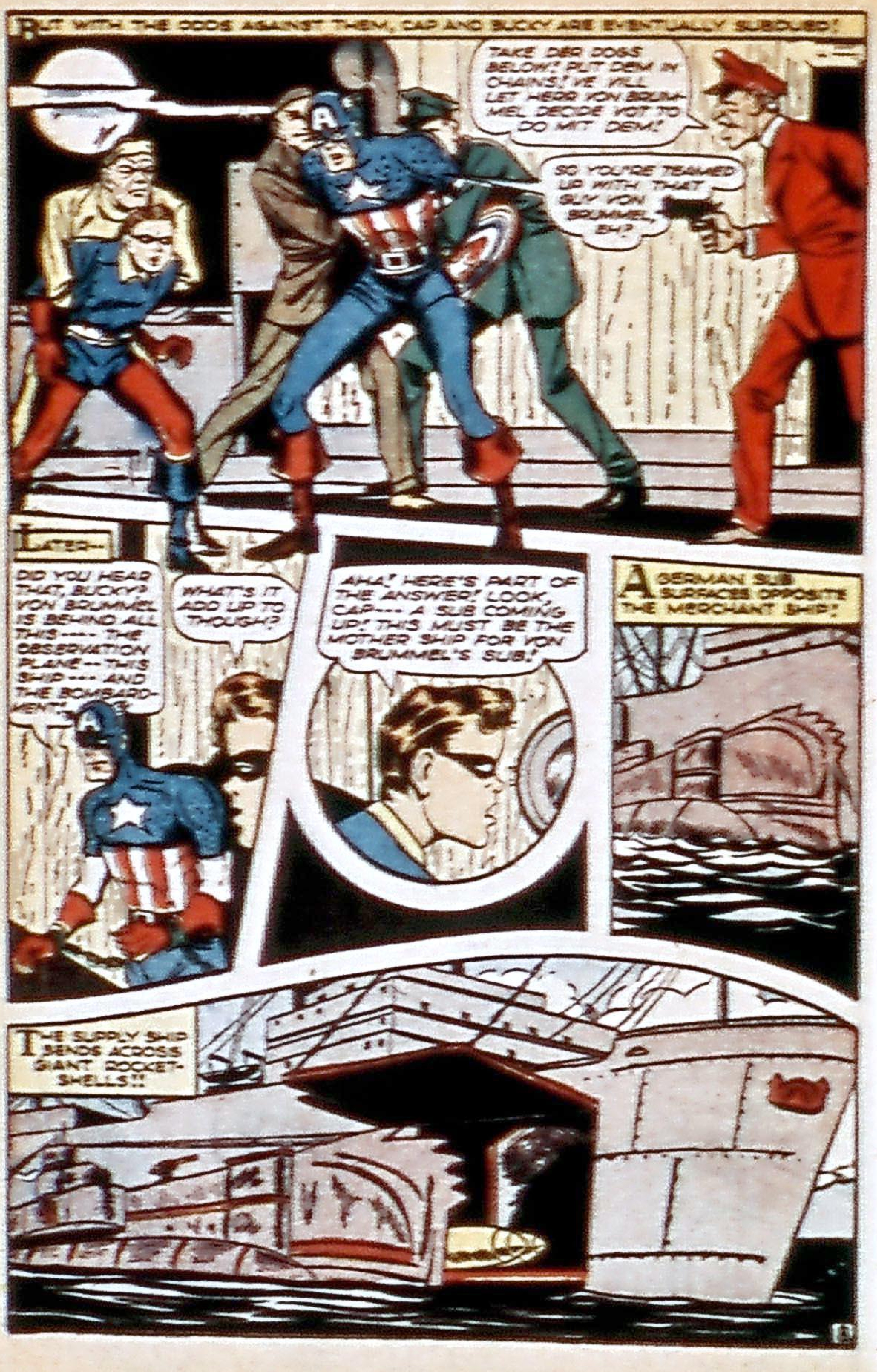

FOR THE FIRST TIME AMERICANS KNOW THE HORROR OF BOMBING...
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
CRASH!!
HELP!
THEN THE BOMBARDMENT IS OVER AND ALL IS QUIET...
City News
ROCKET SHELLS BOMBARD U.S. FROM GERMANY!
4000 MILES...
AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES READ THE NEWS IN DISMAY
HOLY COW! D'YA THINK THOSE SHELLS REALLY CAME ALL THE WAY FROM GERMANY, STEVE?
GUESS SO, BUCKY! IT'S BAD NEWS FOR AMERICA!
IT IS NIGHT AND TWO WELL KNOWN FIGURES ARE ON A MISSION OF THEIR OWN!
LET'S DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING, BUCKY!
RIGHT, CAP!
THE DAMAGE IS TERRIFIC!
A FEW MORE BOMBINGS LIKE THIS, AND THE CITY WILL BE FLAT!
HEY CAP, LOOK! SOME OTHERS POKING AROUND... AND THEY LOOK SUSPICIOUS!
THEY DO LOOK A LITTLE TOO HAPPY OVER ALL THIS!

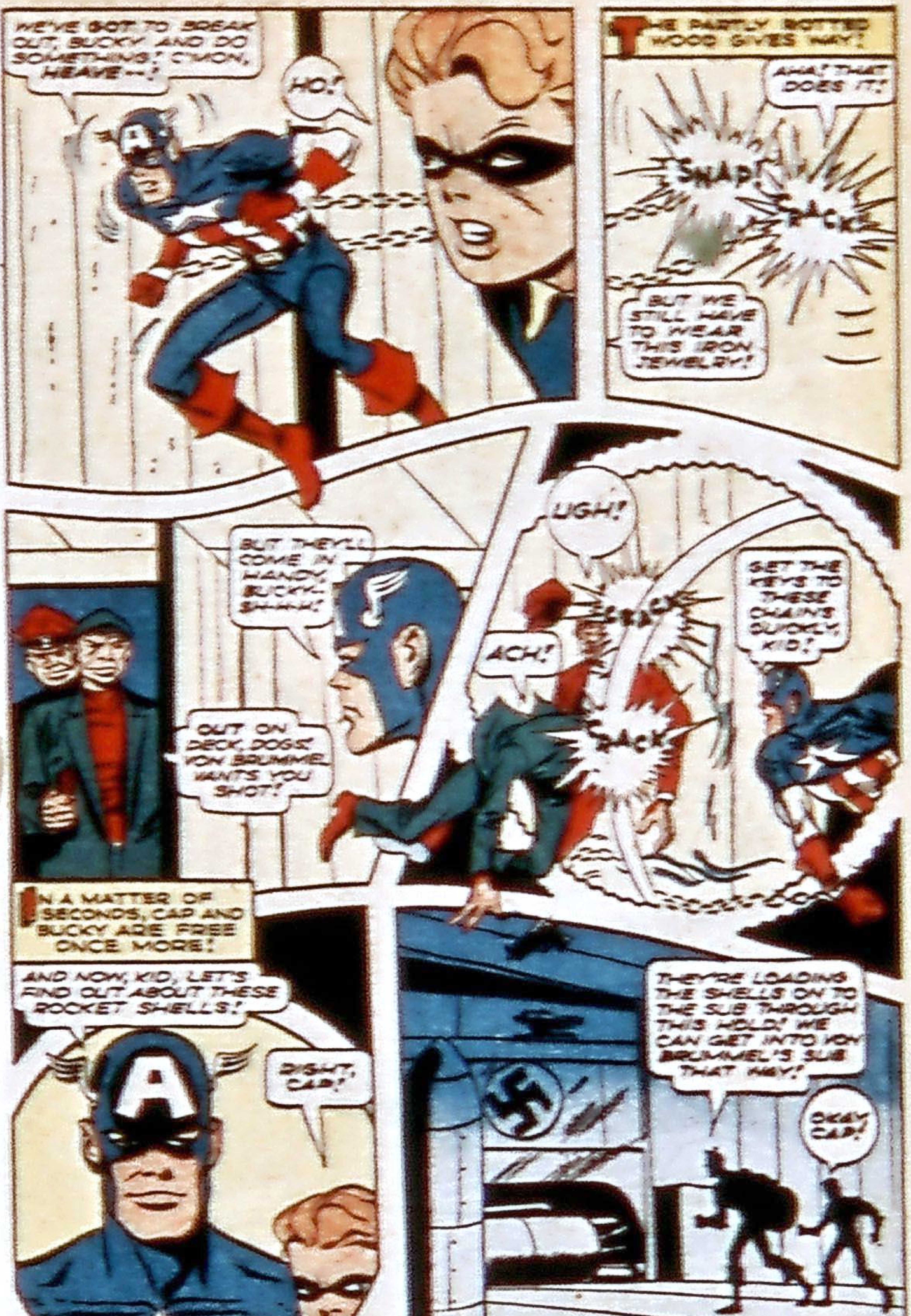

DER ROCKET-SHELLS DID A GOOD JOB HERR VUN BRUMMEL!
JA, HAHE, HA HA, A SWEET JOB! AND DER NEXT BOMBARDMENT VILL DO EVEN BETTER!
YOU NAZI RATS! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
DER CAPTAIN AMERICA! HIMMEL... SHOOT HIM!
THUNDERING FISTS GO INTO ACTION!
UGH!
OOF!
THIS HELPS MAKE UP FOR THE BOMBING A BIT!
WOK!
HE WILL RUIN OUR PLAN!
NOW TALK! WHAT'RE YOU BOYS CASING THE PLACE FOR? SPEAK UP!
S-S-STOP SH-SHAKING ME!! I'LL... I'LL TALK.
BUT VON BRUMMEL HAS WAITED HIS CHANCE AND...
HE VON'T TALK!

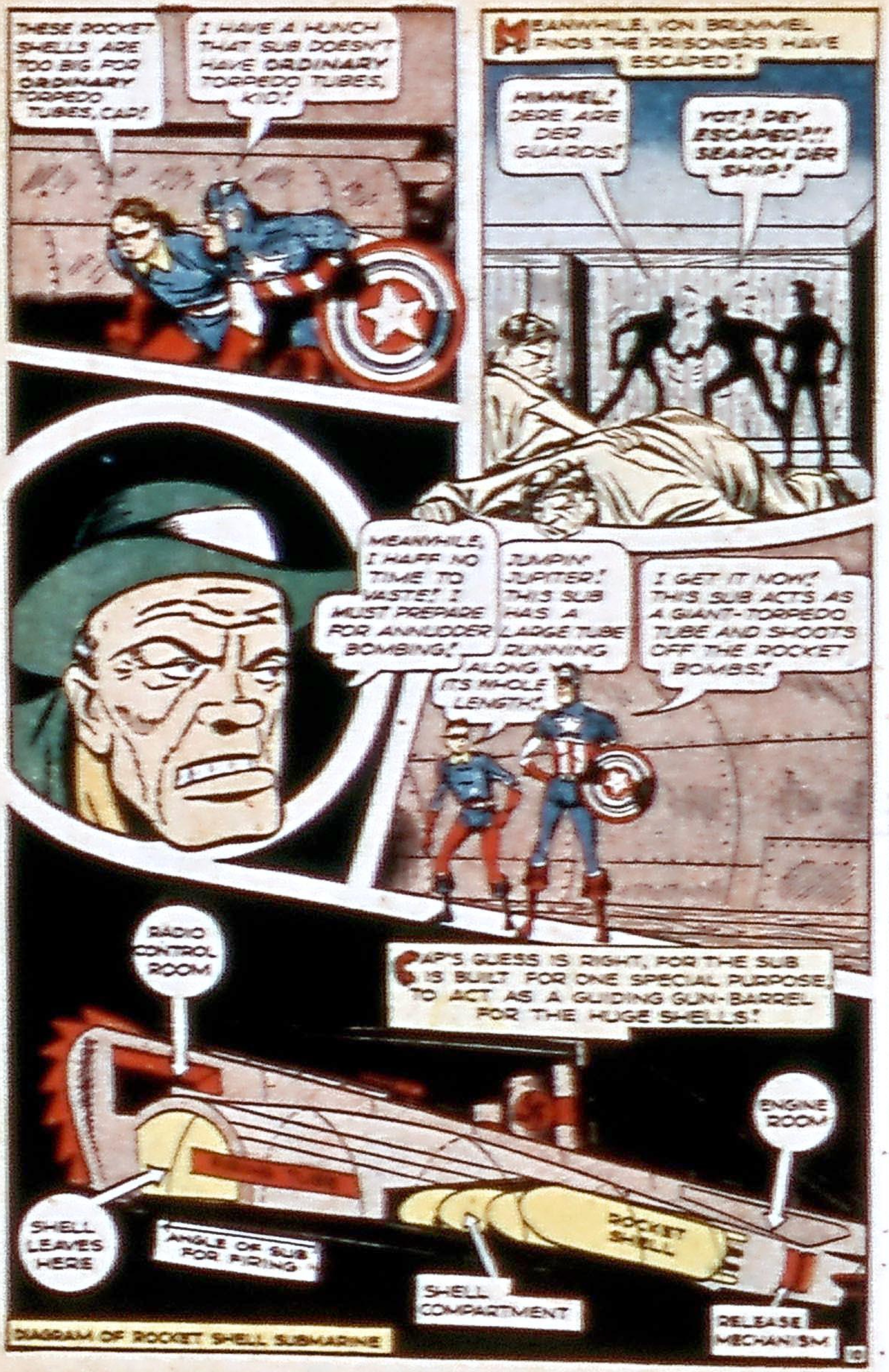

QUICK!! LET'S GET BACK TO DER SUB
UGH!
HA, HA, HA!
THUD!
HEY!
MOMENTS LATER
WOW! YOU'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T BRAIN YOU!
HEY MENTIONED A SUB, BUCKY! HOW DOES THAT TIE IN?
THE LATE HOURS FIND THEM AT THE SHORE AIRFIELD RE-PORTING TO HEAD-QUARTERS
...AND THOSE SPIES HAVE A SUB OFF SHORE SOMEPLACE, COLONEL! I SUGGEST YOU SEND OUT SPOTTERS TO COMB THE COAST FOR IT!
IF YOU THINK SO, CAPTAIN AMERICA, I WILL!
BY THE WAY, LOAN US A PLANE, WILL YOU? BUCKY AND I WANT TO SEE THIS THING THROUGH!
WHY... ER... A BIT IRREGULAR, BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU!
A SHORT WHILE LATER CAP AND BUCKY ARE SWIFTLY SPEEDING ALONG THE COAST
HEY! WE'LL BE A WOL AT CAMP, CAP!
DON'T CROSS YOUR BRIDGES YET, KID! JUST SPOT THAT SUB!
BUT BUCKY SPOTS SOMETHING IN THE AIR!
HEY, THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING PLANE OUT THERE, WITH-OUT INSIGNIA!
LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!

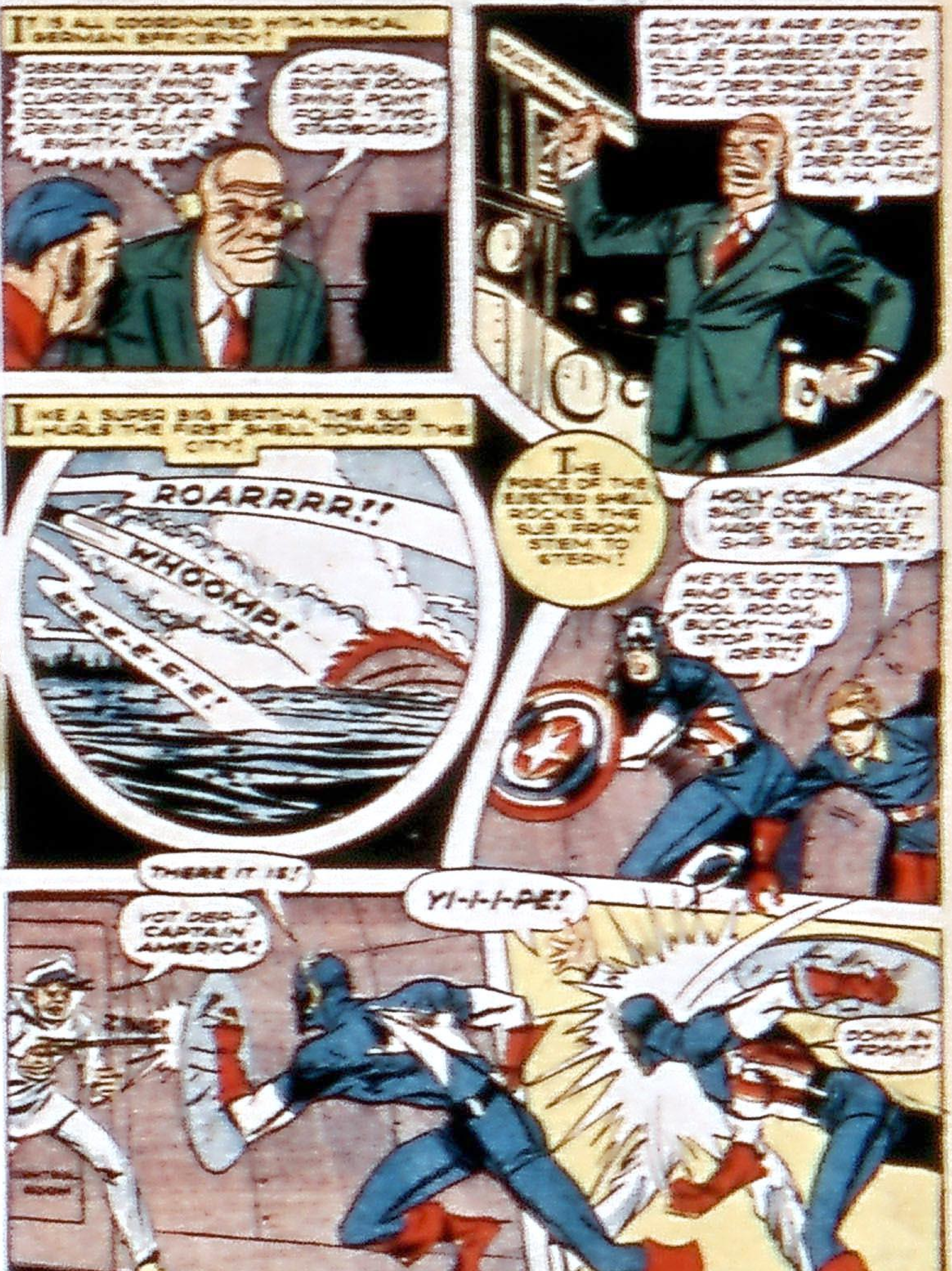

AN AMERICAN COAST PATROL PLANE SNOOPING AROUND!
I VILL SHOOT IT DOWN! DER BOMBARDMENT MUST NOT BE THROWN OFF SCHEDULE!
HEY, CAP! THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!
THE STRANGE PLANE OPENS FIRE ON THE DEFENSELESS COAST PATROL PLANE
HOLY CATS! THEY'RE FIRING AT US!
I KNOW KID, BUT WHY?
CAP! I THINK THEY'VE GOT US OUT GUNNED!
RIGHT KID! WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT!
THIS IS IT BUCKY!
LACKING THE SUPERIOR FIRE POWER OF THE NAZI PLANE THE AMERICAN PLANE IS QUICKLY SHOT DOWN!
GOT DEM!
HA, HA!
BUT BY A MIRACLE CAP PANCAKES THE SHIP, SAVING THEIR LIVES!
WHEW! AT LEAST WE'VE A CHANCE TO SWIM FOR IT!
CRASH!
I WISH I KNEW WHAT THAT OBSERVATION PLANE IS UP THERE FOR! IT'S GOT SOME CONNECTION WITH THE BOMBING BUT WHAT?
ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES TO SHORE! OH WELL, LET'S GO!

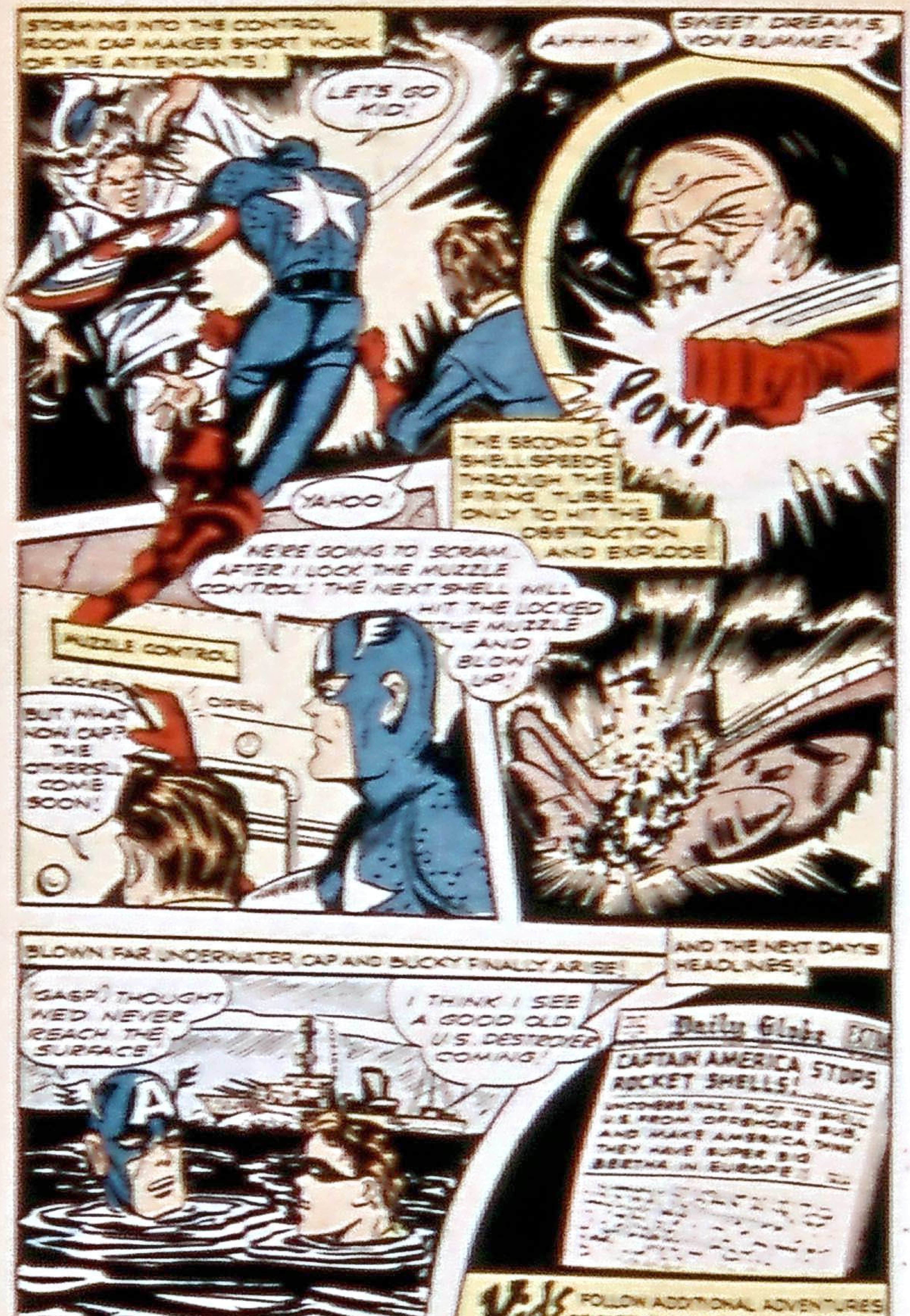

WHEN THEIR STRENGTH IS ALMOST FAILING AGAINST THE BUFFETING WATERS FORTUNE SMILES ONCE MORE
A SHIP! HURRAY! AHOY! AHOY! PICK US UP!
CAP AND BUCKY HOWEVER ARE IN FOR A RUDE SURPRISE
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THANKS PAL! SAY RADIO HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY... THAT AN ENEMY OBSERVATION PLANE IS HOVERING AROUND!
DANKS FOR DER INFORMATION CAPTAIN AMERICA! IT IS OUR OBSERVATION PLANE!
YE GODS! NAZIS!
AGAIN?
AGAIN THE BATTLING PAIR TEACH THE MASTER RACE WHAT FREEDOM LOVING FISTS CAN DO
DUCK KID LET'S PILE INTO THESE SUPER MEN!
HIMMEL!
YAHOO!
ZUNK!
AAACH!!!

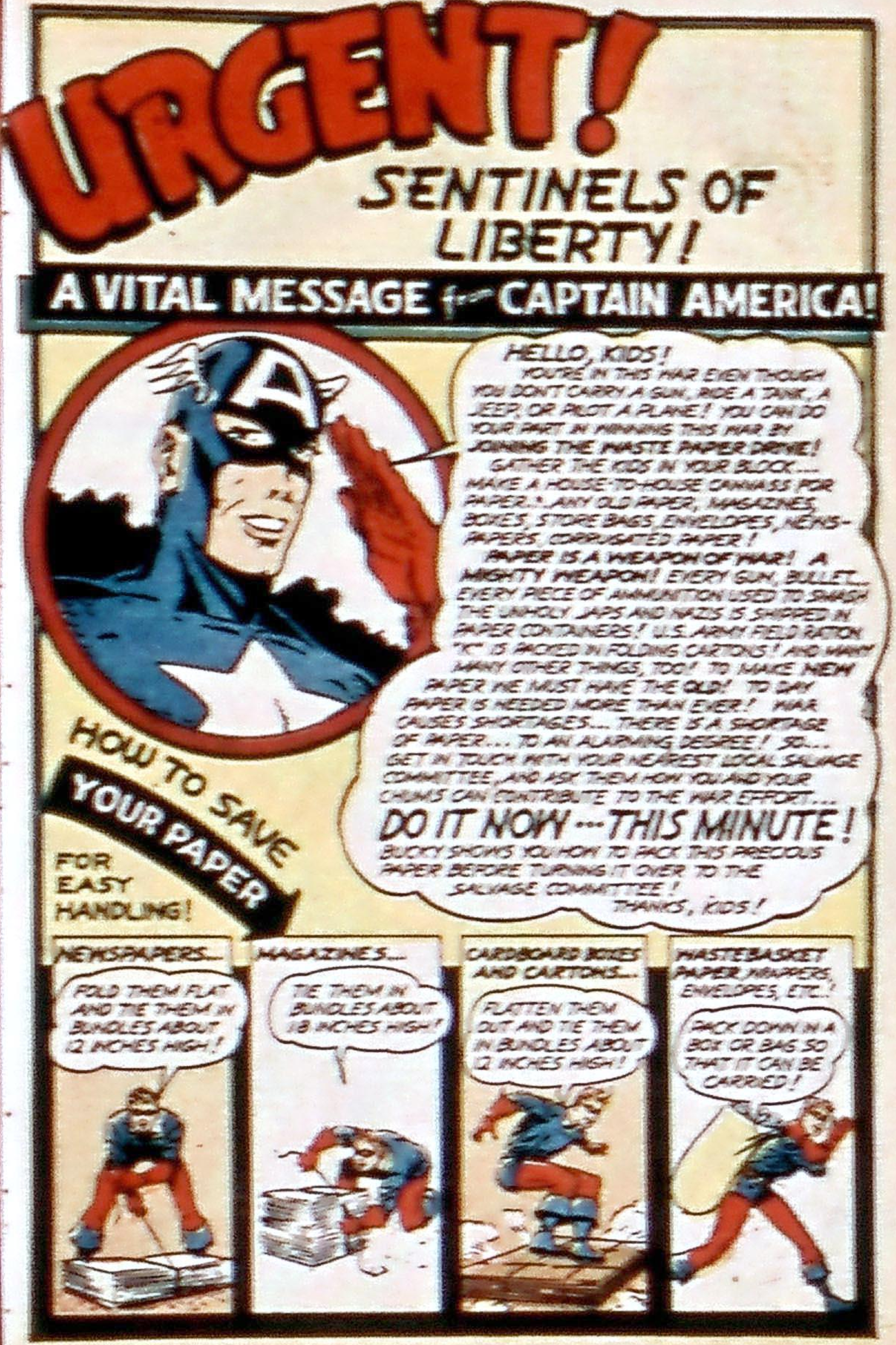

BUT WITH THE ODDS AGAINST THEM, CAP AND BUCKY ARE EVENTUALLY SUBDUED!
TAKE DER DOGS BELOW! PUT DEM IN CHAINS! VE VILL LET HERR VON BRUMMEL DECIDE VOT TO DO MIT DEM!
SO YOU'RE TEAMED UP WITH THAT GUY VON BRUMMEL, EH?
LATER—
DID YOU HEAR THAT, BUCKY? VON BRUMMEL IS BEHIND ALL THIS---- THE OBSERVATION PLANE--THIS SHIP--- AND THE BOMBARDMENT!
WHAT'S IT ADD UP TO THOUGH?
AHA! HERE'S PART OF THE ANSWER! LOOK, CAP--- A SUB COMING UP! THIS MUST BE THE MOTHER SHIP FOR VON BRUMMEL'S SUB!
A GERMAN SUB SURFACES OPPOSITE THE MERCHANT SHIP!
THE SUPPLY SHIP SENDS ACROSS GIANT ROCKET-SHELLS!!

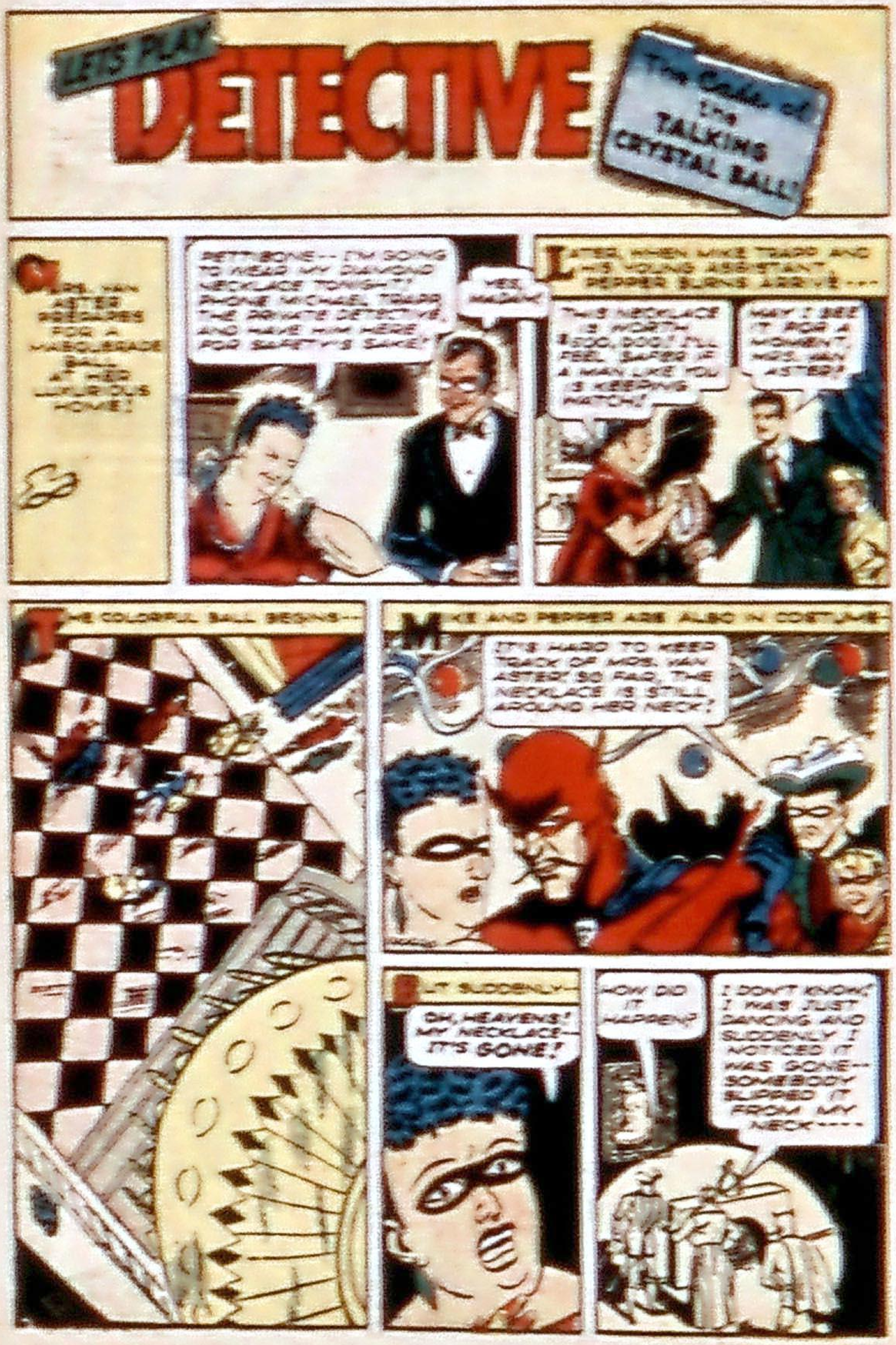

WE'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT, BUCKY AND DO SOMETHING! C'MON, HEAVE--!
HO!
THE PARTLY ROTTED WOOD GIVES WAY!
AHA! THAT DOES IT!
SNAP!
CRACK!
BUT WE STILL HAVE TO WEAR THIS IRON JEWELRY!
BUT THEY'LL COME IN HANDY, BUCKY! SHHH!
OUT ON DECK, DOGS! VON BRUMMEL VANTS YOU SHOT!
UGH!
CRACK!
ACH!
SMACK!
GET THE KEYS TO THESE CHAINS QUICKLY, KID!
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, CAP AND BUCKY ARE FREE ONCE MORE!
AND NOW, KID, LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT THESE ROCKET SHELLS!
RIGHT, CAP!
THEY'RE LOADING THE SHELLS ON TO THE SUB THROUGH THIS HOLD! WE CAN GET INTO VON BRUMMEL'S SUB THAT WAY!
OKAY, CAP!

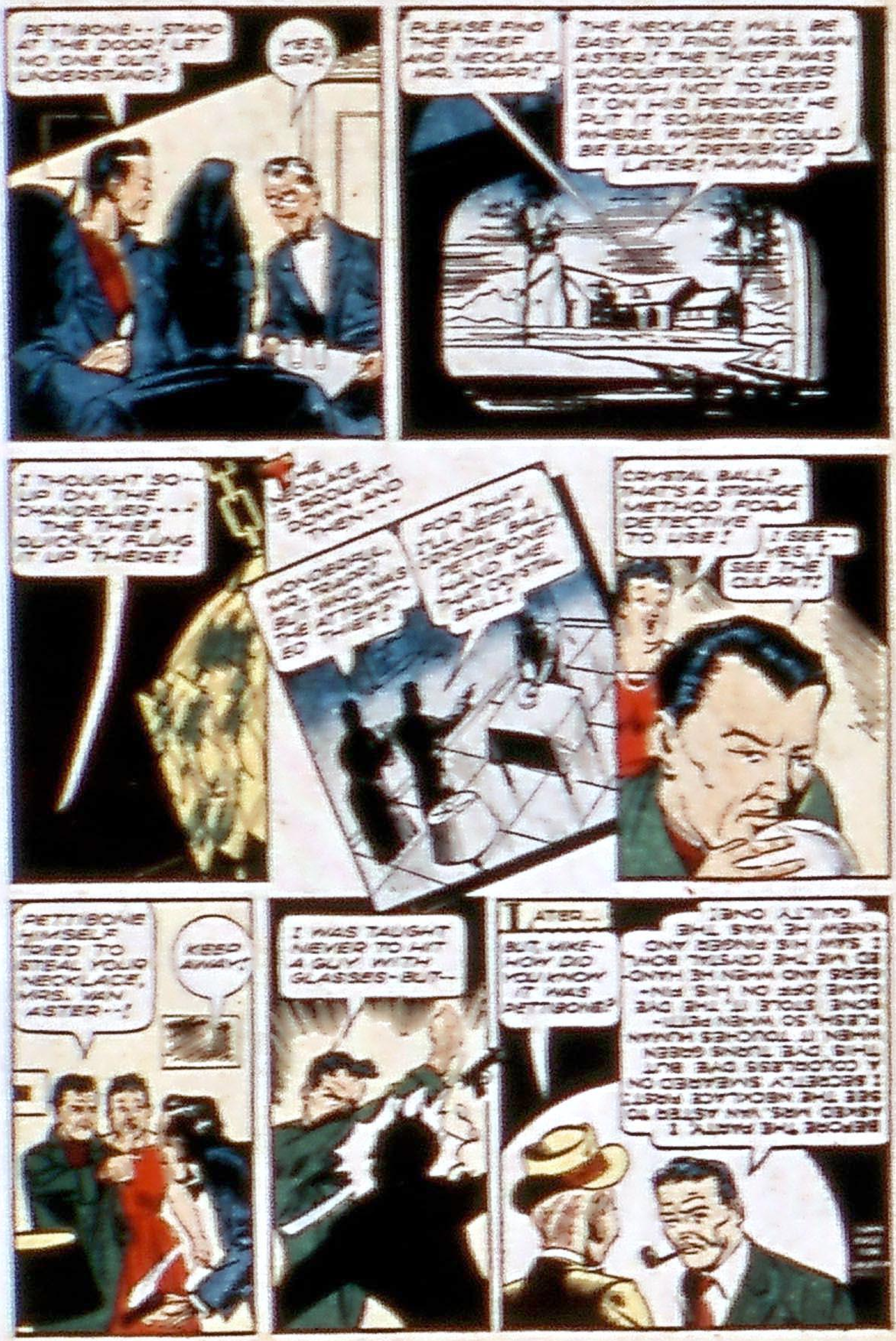

THESE ROCKET SHELLS ARE TOO BIG FOR ORDINARY TORPEDO TUBES, CAP!
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT SUB DOESN'T HAVE ORDINARY TORPEDO TUBES, KID!
MEANWHILE, VON BRUMMEL FINDS THE PRISONERS HAVE ESCAPED!
HIMMEL! DERE ARE DER GUARDS!
VOT? DEY ESCAPED?!! SEARCH DER SHIP!
MEANWHILE, I HAFF NO TIME TO VASTE! I MUST PREPARE FOR ANNUDDER BOMBING!
JUMPIN' JUPITER! THIS SUB HAS A LARGE TUBE RUNNING ALONG ITS WHOLE LENGTH!
I GET IT NOW! THIS SUB ACTS AS A GIANT-TORPEDO TUBE AND SHOOTS OFF THE ROCKET BOMBS!
CAP'S GUESS IS RIGHT, FOR THE SUB IS BUILT FOR ONE SPECIAL PURPOSE! TO ACT AS A GUIDING GUN-BARREL FOR THE HUGE SHELLS!
RADIO CONTROL ROOM
ENGINE ROOM
ROCKET SHELL
SHELL LEAVES HERE
ANGLE OF SUB FOR FIRING
SHELL COMPARTMENT
RELEASE MECHANISM
DIAGRAM OF ROCKET SHELL SUBMARINE

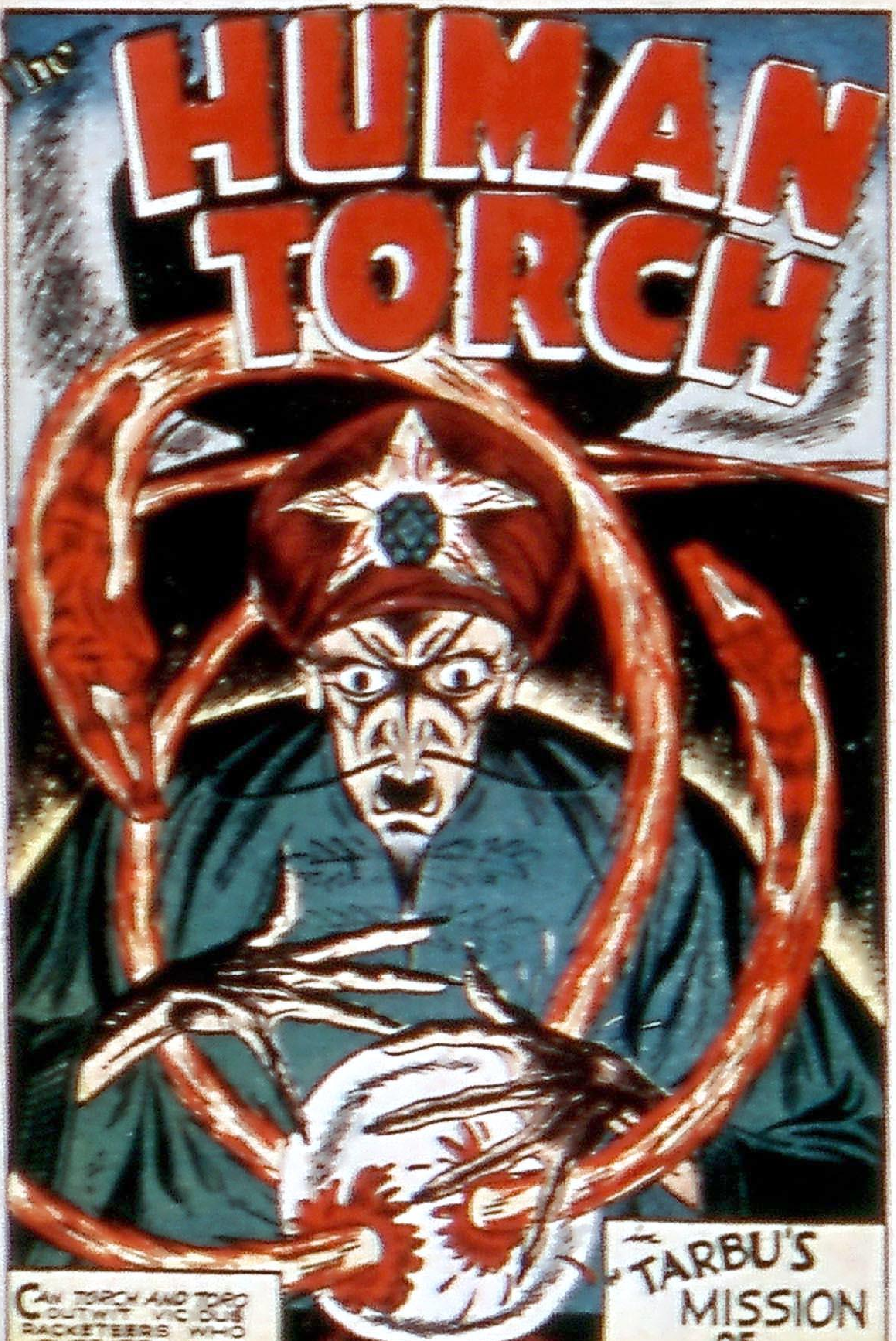

IT IS ALL COORDINATED WITH TYPICAL GERMAN EFFICIENCY!
OBSERVATION PLANE REPORTING! WIND CURRENTS SOUTH-SOUTHEAST! AIR DENSITY POINT EIGHTY-SIX!
ACHTUNG, ENGINE ROOM! SWING POINT FOUR-TWO STARBOARD!
AH! NOW VE ARE POINTED RIGHT! AGAIN DER CITY VILL BE BOMBED! AND DER STUPID AMERICANS VILL TINK DER SHELLS COME FROM GHERMANY! BUT DEY ONLY COME FROM A SUB OFF DER COAST! HA, HA, HA!
LIKE A SUPER BIG BERTHA, THE SUB HURLS THE FIRST SHELL TOWARD THE CITY!
ROARRRRR!!
WHOOMP!
E-E-E-E-E-E!
THE FORCE OF THE EJECTED SHELL ROCKS THE SUB FROM STEM TO STERN!
HOLY COW! THEY SHOT ONE SHELL! IT MADE THE WHOLE SHIP SHUDDER!!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CONTROL ROOM, BUCKY—AND STOP THE REST!
THERE IT IS!
VOT DER—? CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ZING!
CONTROL ROOM
YI-I-I-PE!
DOWN IN FRONT!

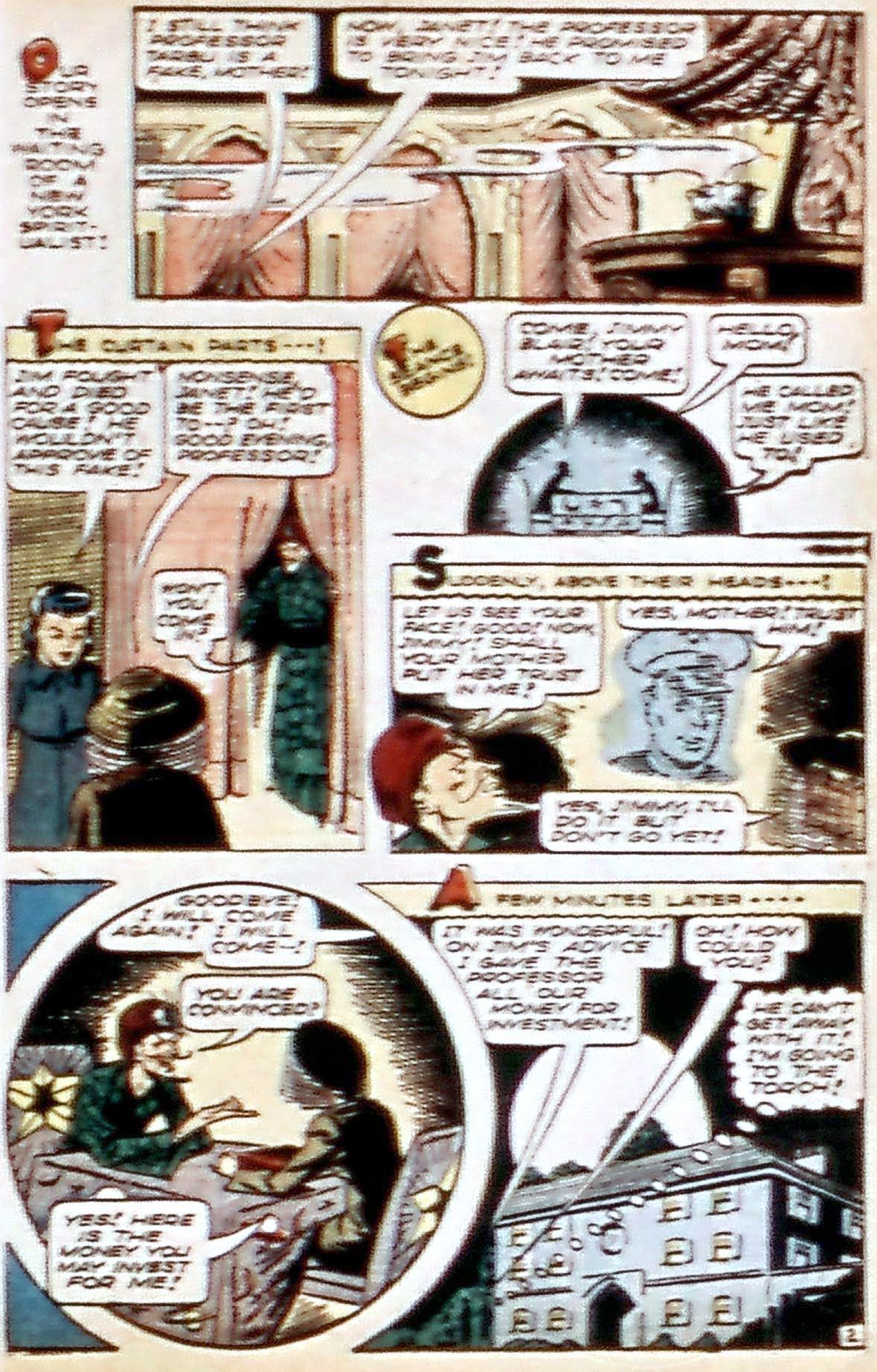

STORMING INTO THE CONTROL ROOM CAP MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ATTENDANTS!
LET'S GO KID!
AHHHH!
SWEET DREAMS, VON BUMMEL!
POW!
YAHOO!
THE SECOND SHELL SPEEDS THROUGH THE FIRING TUBE... ONLY TO HIT THE OBSTRUCTION AND EXPLODE!
WE'RE GOING TO SCRAM... AFTER I LOCK THE MUZZLE CONTROL! THE NEXT SHELL WILL HIT THE LOCKED THE MUZZLE AND BLOW UP!
MUZZLE CONTROL
LOCKED
OPEN
BUT WHAT NOW CAP? THE OTHERS'LL COME SOON!
BLOWN FAR UNDERWATER CAP AND BUCKY FINALLY ARISE!
AND THE NEXT DAY'S HEADLINES!
GASP! THOUGHT WE'D NEVER REACH THE SURFACE!
I THINK I SEE A GOOD OLD U.S. DESTROYER COMING!
Daily Globe
CAPTAIN AMERICA STOPS ROCKET SHELLS!
UNCOVERS NAZI PLOT TO SHELL U.S. FROM OFFSHORE SUB, AND MAKE AMERICA THINK THEY HAVE SUPER BIG BERTHA IN EUROPE!
Kids FOLLOW ADDITIONAL ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA and BUCKY IN THE ALL STAR ISSUE OF SELECT COMICS!

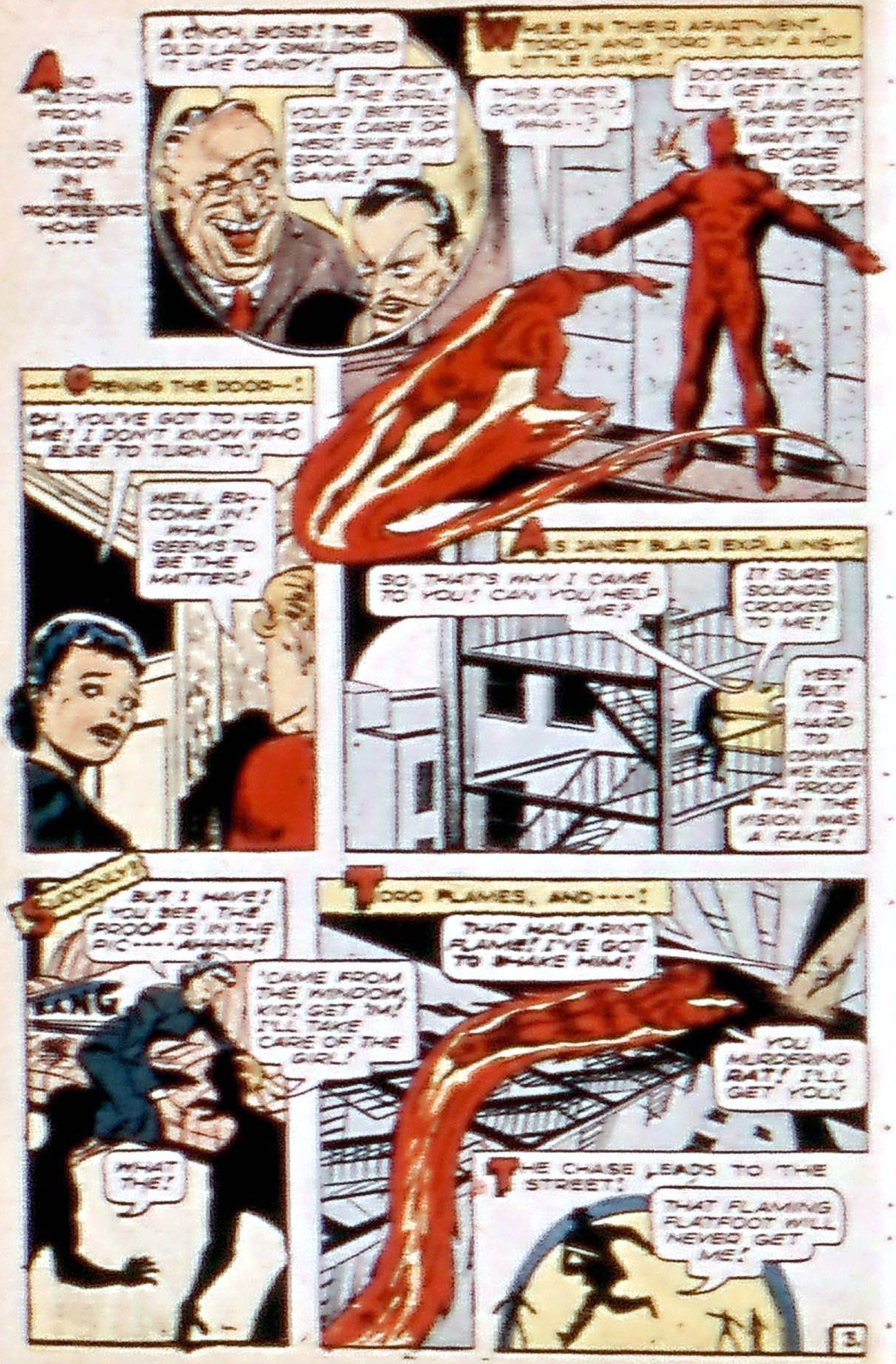

URGENT!
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HELLO, KIDS! YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE! GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK.... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER! PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES.... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT... DO IT NOW --- THIS MINUTE! BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE! THANKS, KIDS!
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY HANDLING!
NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

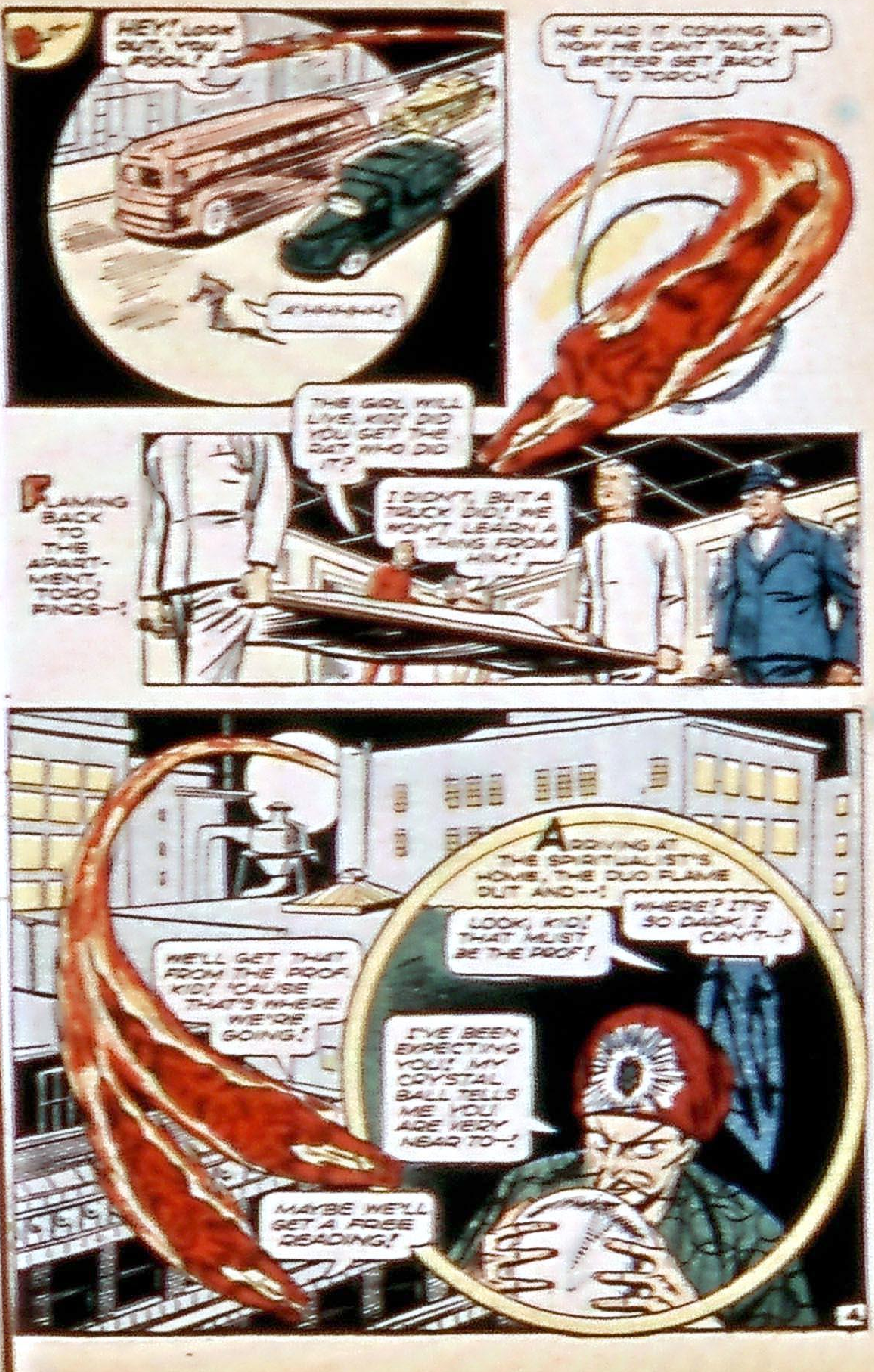

LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
The Case of the TALKING CRYSTAL BALL!
MRS. VAN ASTER PREPARES FOR A MASQUERADE BALL AT HER LUXURIOUS HOME!
PETTIBONE-- I'M GOING TO WEAR MY DIAMOND NECKLACE TONIGHT! PHONE MICHAEL TRAPP THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HAVE HIM HERE FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!
YES, MADAM!
LATER, WHEN MIKE TRAPP AND HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT, PEPPER BURNS ARRIVE---
THIS NECKLACE IS WORTH $200,000! I'LL FEEL SAFER IF A MAN LIKE YOU IS KEEPING WATCH!
MAY I SEE IT FOR A MOMENT, MRS. VAN ASTER?
THE COLORFUL BALL BEGINS---
MIKE AND PEPPER ARE ALSO IN COSTUME--
IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF MRS. VAN ASTER! SO FAR, THE NECKLACE IS STILL AROUND HER NECK!
BUT SUDDENLY--
OH, HEAVENS! MY NECKLACE-- IT'S GONE!
HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
I DON'T KNOW! I WAS JUST DANCING AND SUDDENLY I NOTICED IT WAS GONE-- SOMEBODY SLIPPED IT FROM MY NECK----

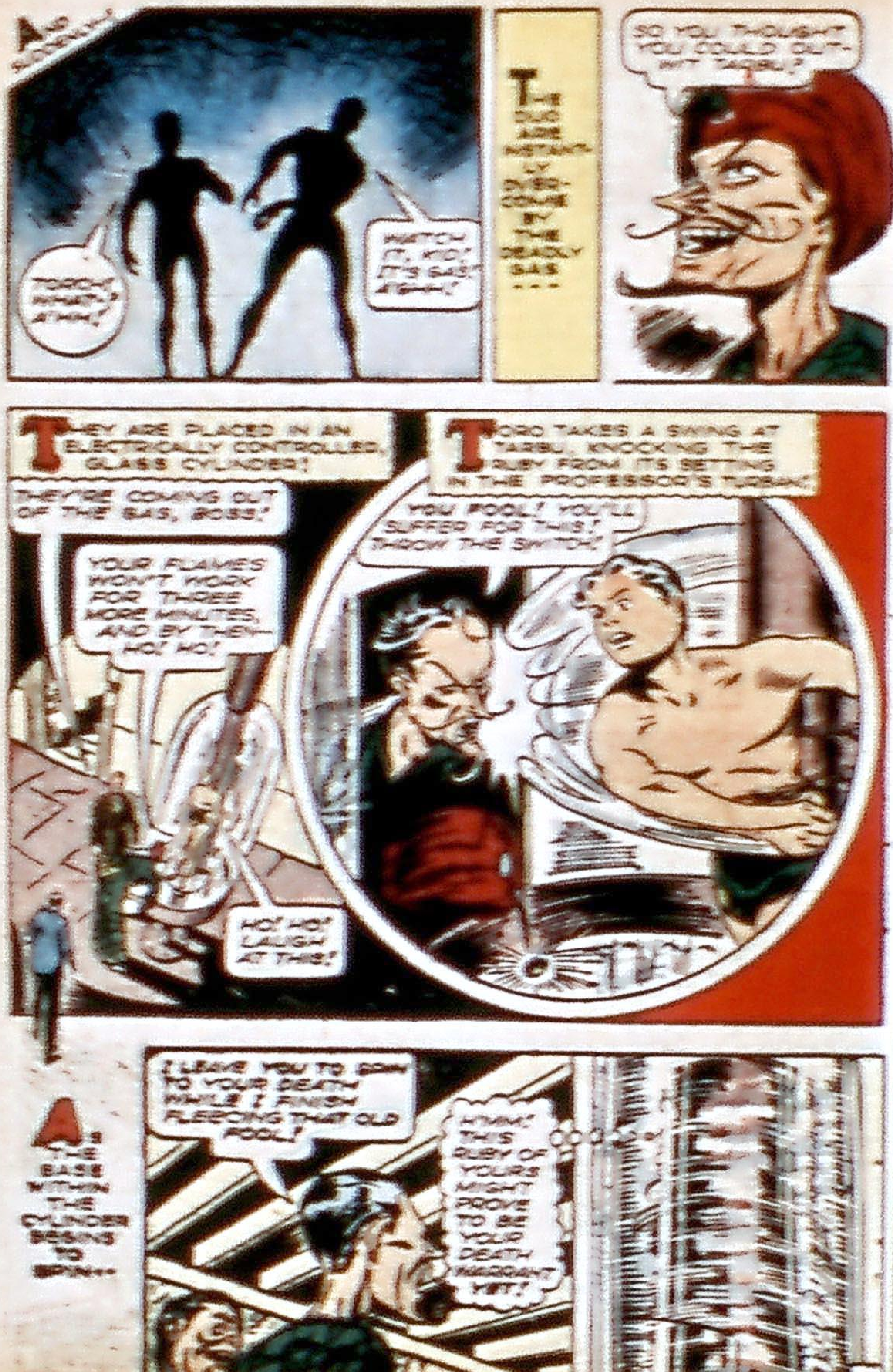

PETTIBONE-- STAND AT THE DOOR! LET NO ONE OUT, UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR!
PLEASE FIND THE THIEF AND NECKLACE, MR. TRAPP!
THE NECKLACE WILL BE EASY TO FIND, MRS. VAN ASTER! THE THIEF WAS UNDOUBTEDLY CLEVER ENOUGH NOT TO KEEP IT ON HIS PERSON! HE PUT IT SOMEWHERE WHERE WHERE IT COULD BE EASILY RETRIEVED LATER! HMMM!
I THOUGHT SO-- UP ON THE CHANDELIER---! THE THIEF QUICKLY FLUNG IT UP THERE!
THE NECKLACE IS BROUGHT DOWN AND THEN--
WONDERFUL, MR. TRAPP! BUT WHO WAS THE ATTEMPTED THIEF?
FOR THAT I'LL NEED A CRYSTAL BALL! PETTIBONE HAND ME THAT CRYSTAL BALL!
CRYSTAL BALL? THAT'S A STRANGE METHOD FOR A DETECTIVE TO USE!
I SEE-- YES, I SEE THE CULPRIT!
PETTIBONE HIMSELF TRIED TO STEAL YOUR NECKLACE, MRS. VAN ASTER--!
KEEP AWAY!
I WAS TAUGHT NEVER TO HIT A GUY WITH GLASSES-BUT--
LATER...
BUT, MIKE-- HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS PETTIBONE?
BEFORE THE PARTY, I ASKED MRS. VAN ASTER TO SEE THE NECKLACE FIRST! I SECRETLY SMEARED ON A COLORLESS DYE, BUT THIS DYE TURNS GREEN WHEN IT TOUCHES HUMAN FLESH, SO WHEN PETTIBONE STOLE IT, THE DYE CAME OFF ON HIS FINGERS AND WHEN HE HANDED ME THE CRYSTAL BALL, I SAW HIS FINGERS AND KNEW HE WAS THE GUILTY ONE!

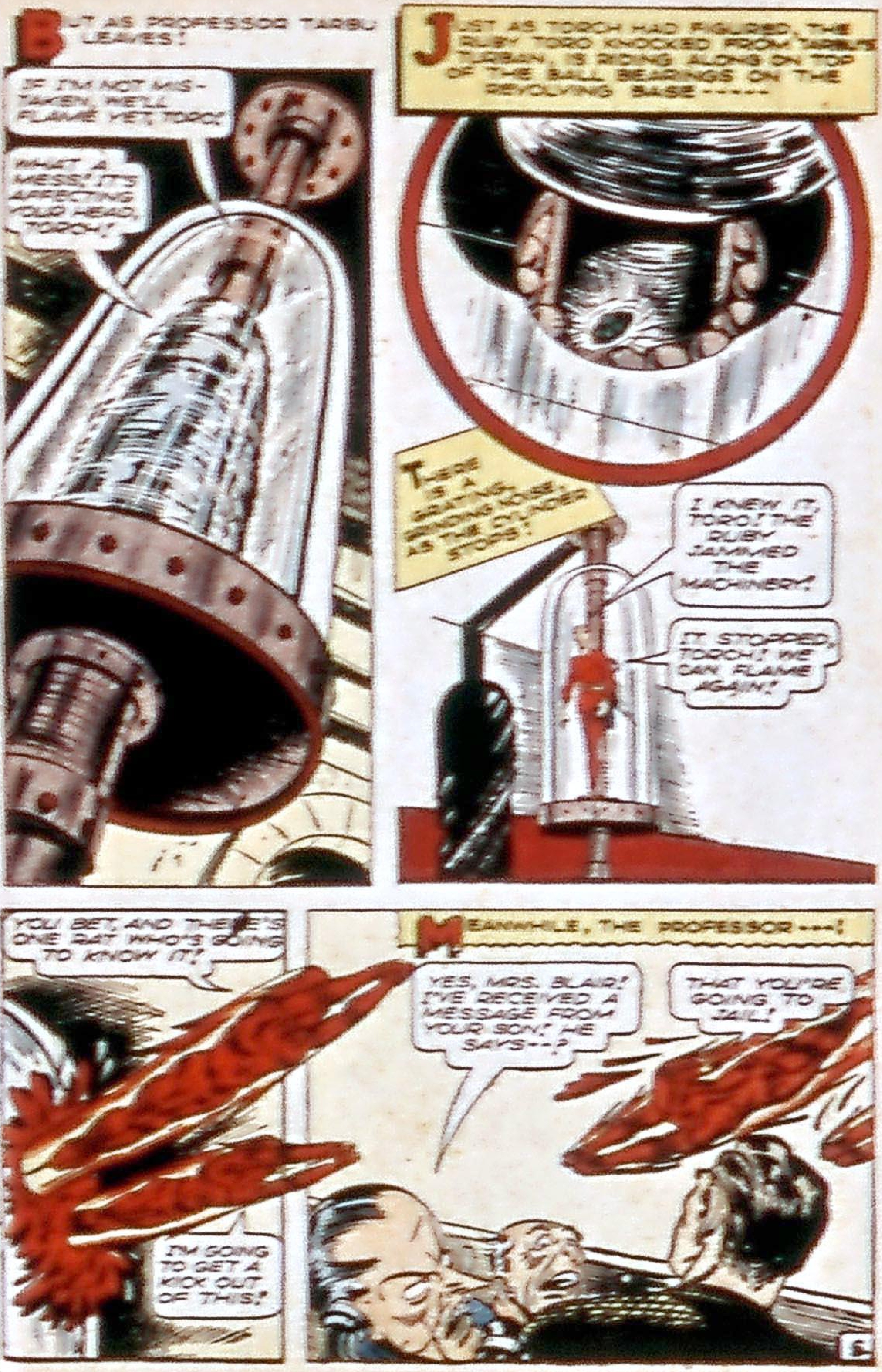

The HUMAN TORCH
CAN TORCH AND TORO OUTWIT VICIOUS RACKETEERS WHO THREATEN OUR HOMEFRONT--?
"TARBU'S MISSION OF DEATH"

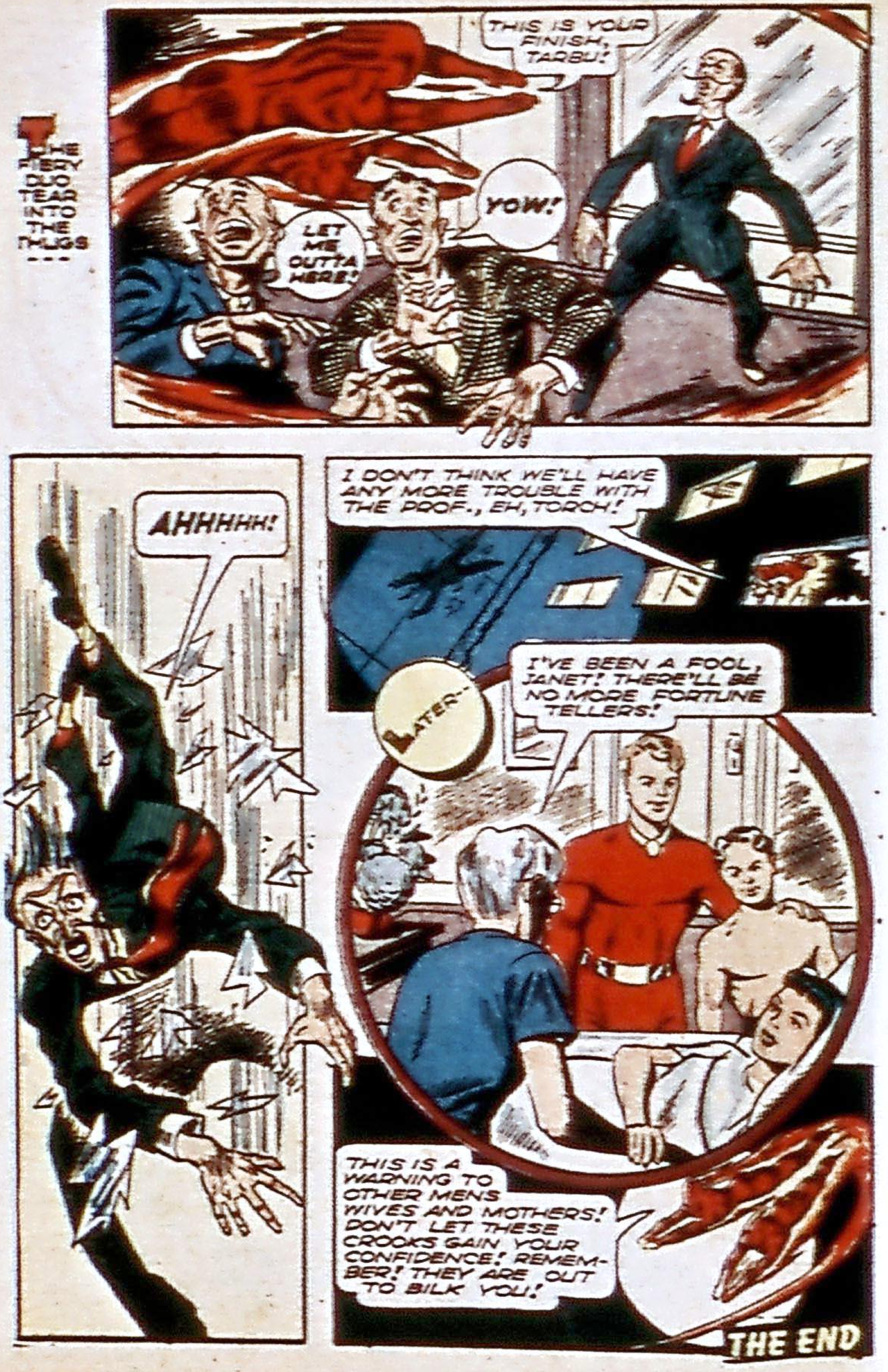

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE WAITING ROOM OF A NEW YORK SPIRITUALIST!
I STILL THINK PROFESSOR TABU IS A FAKE, MOTHER!
NOW, JANET! THE PROFESSOR IS VERY NICE! HE PROMISED TO BRING JIM BACK TO ME TONIGHT!
THE CURTAIN PARTS---!
JIM FOUGHT AND DIED FOR A GOOD CAUSE! HE WOULDN'T APPROVE OF THIS FAKE!
NONSENSE, JANET! HE'D BE THE FIRST TO--? OH! GOOD EVENING, PROFESSOR!
WON'T YOU COME IN?
THE SEANCE BEGINS
COME, JIMMY BLAKE! YOUR MOTHER AWAITS! COME!
HELLO, MOM!
HE CALLED ME MOM! JUST LIKE HE USED TO!
SUDDENLY, ABOVE THEIR HEADS---!
LET US SEE YOUR FACE! GOOD! NOW, JIMMY! SHALL YOUR MOTHER PUT HER TRUST IN ME?
YES, MOTHER! TRUST HIM!
YES, JIMMY, I'LL DO IT. BUT DON'T GO YET!
GOODBYE! I WILL COME AGAIN! I WILL COME--!
YOU ARE CONVINCED?
YES! HERE IS THE MONEY YOU MAY INVEST FOR ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER----
IT WAS WONDERFUL! ON JIM'S ADVICE I GAVE THE PROFESSOR ALL OUR MONEY FOR INVESTMENT!
OH! HOW COULD YOU?
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I'M GOING TO THE TORCH!
2


AND WATCHING FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW IN THE PROFESSOR'S HOME ....
A CINCH, BOSS! THE OLD LADY SWALLOWED IT LIKE CANDY!
BUT NOT THE GIRL! YOU'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HER! SHE MAY SPOIL OUR GAME!
WHILE IN THEIR APARTMENT, TORCH AND TORO PLAY A HOT LITTLE GAME!
THIS ONE'S GOING TO--? WHA--?
DOORBELL, KID! I'LL GET IT--- FLAME OFF! WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE OUR VISITOR!
--OPENING THE DOOR--!
OH, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I DON'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO TURN TO!
WELL, ER-- COME IN! WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER?
AS JANET BLAIR EXPLAINS--
SO, THAT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU! CAN YOU HELP ME?
IT SURE SOUNDS CROOKED TO ME!
YES! BUT IT'S HARD TO CONVICT! WE NEED PROOF THAT THE VISION WAS A FAKE!
SUDDENLY!
BUT I HAVE! YOU SEE, THE PROOF IS IN THE PIC----AHHHH!
KNG
CAME FROM THE WINDOW, KID! GET 'IM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL!
WHAT THE!
TORO FLAMES, AND---!
THAT HALF-PINT FLAME! I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM!
YOU MURDERING RAT! I'LL GET YOU!
THE CHASE LEADS TO THE STREET!
THAT FLAMING FLATFOOT WILL NEVER GET ME!


HEY! LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!
AHHHHHH!
HE HAD IT COMING, BUT NOW HE CAN'T TALK! BETTER GET BACK TO TORCH!
FLAMING BACK TO THE APARTMENT, TORO FINDS--!
THE GIRL WILL LIVE, KID! DID YOU GET THE RAT WHO DID IT?
I DIDN'T, BUT A TRUCK DID! WE WON'T LEARN A THING FROM HIM!
WE'LL GET THAT FROM THE PROF, KID! 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!
MAYBE WE'LL GET A FREE READING!
ARRIVING AT THE SPIRITUALIST'S HOME, THE DUO FLAME OUT AND--!
LOOK, KID! THAT MUST BE THE PROF!
WHERE? IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T--?
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! MY CRYSTAL BALL TELLS ME YOU ARE VERY NEAR TO--!


[illegible]
TORO! WHAT'S AGHH!
WATCH IT, KID! IT'S GAS! AGHH!
THE DUO ARE INSTANTLY OVERCOME BY THE DEADLY GAS . . .
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUT-WIT TARBU?
THEY ARE PLACED IN AN ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED, GLASS CYLINDER!
THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE GAS, BOSS!
YOUR FLAMES WON'T WORK FOR THREE MORE MINUTES, AND BY THEN- HO! HO!
HO! HO! LAUGH AT THIS!
TORO TAKES A SWING AT TARBU, KNOCKING THE RUBY FROM ITS SETTING IN THE PROFESSOR'S TURBAN!
YOU FOOL! YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS! THROW THE SWITCH!
AS THE BASE WITHIN THE CYLINDER BEGINS TO SPIN...
I LEAVE YOU TO SPIN TO YOUR DEATH WHILE I FINISH FLEECING THAT OLD FOOL!
HMMM! THIS RUBY OF YOURS MIGHT PROVE TO BE YOUR DEATH WARRANT YET!


BUT AS PROFESSOR TARBU LEAVES!
IF I'M NOT MIS-TAKEN, WE'LL FLAME YET, TORO!
WHAT A MESS! IT'S AFFECTING YOUR HEAD, TORCH!
JUST AS TORCH HAD FIGURED, THE RUBY TORO KNOCKED FROM TARBU'S TURBAN, IS RIDING ALONG ON TOP OF THE BALL BEARINGS ON THE REVOLVING BASE------
THERE IS A GRATING, GRINDING NOISE AS THE CYLINDER STOPS!
I KNEW IT, TORO! THE RUBY JAMMED THE MACHINERY!
IT STOPPED, TORCH! WE CAN FLAME AGAIN!
YOU BET, AND THERE'S ONE RAT WHO'S GOING TO KNOW IT!
I'M GOING TO GET A KICK OUT OF THIS!
MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR---!
YES, MRS. BLAIR! I'VE RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM YOUR SON! HE SAYS--?
THAT YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!
6


THE FIERY DUO TEAR INTO THE THUGS . . .
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, TARBU!
LET ME OUTTA HERE!
YOW!
AHHHHH!
I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH THE PROF., EH, TORCH!
LATER--
I'VE BEEN A FOOL, JANET! THERE'LL BE NO MORE FORTUNE TELLERS!
THIS IS A WARNING TO OTHER MENS WIVES AND MOTHERS! DON'T LET THESE CROOKS GAIN YOUR CONFIDENCE! REMEMBER! THEY ARE OUT TO BILK YOU!
THE END

Piano Playing

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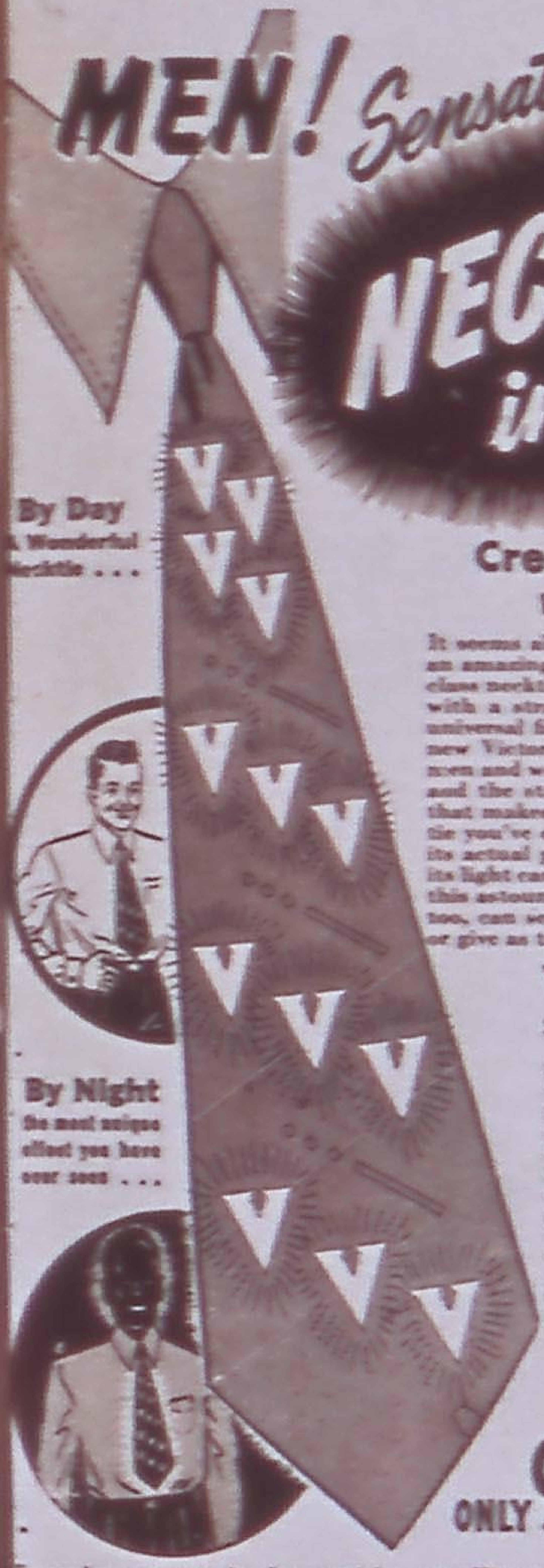

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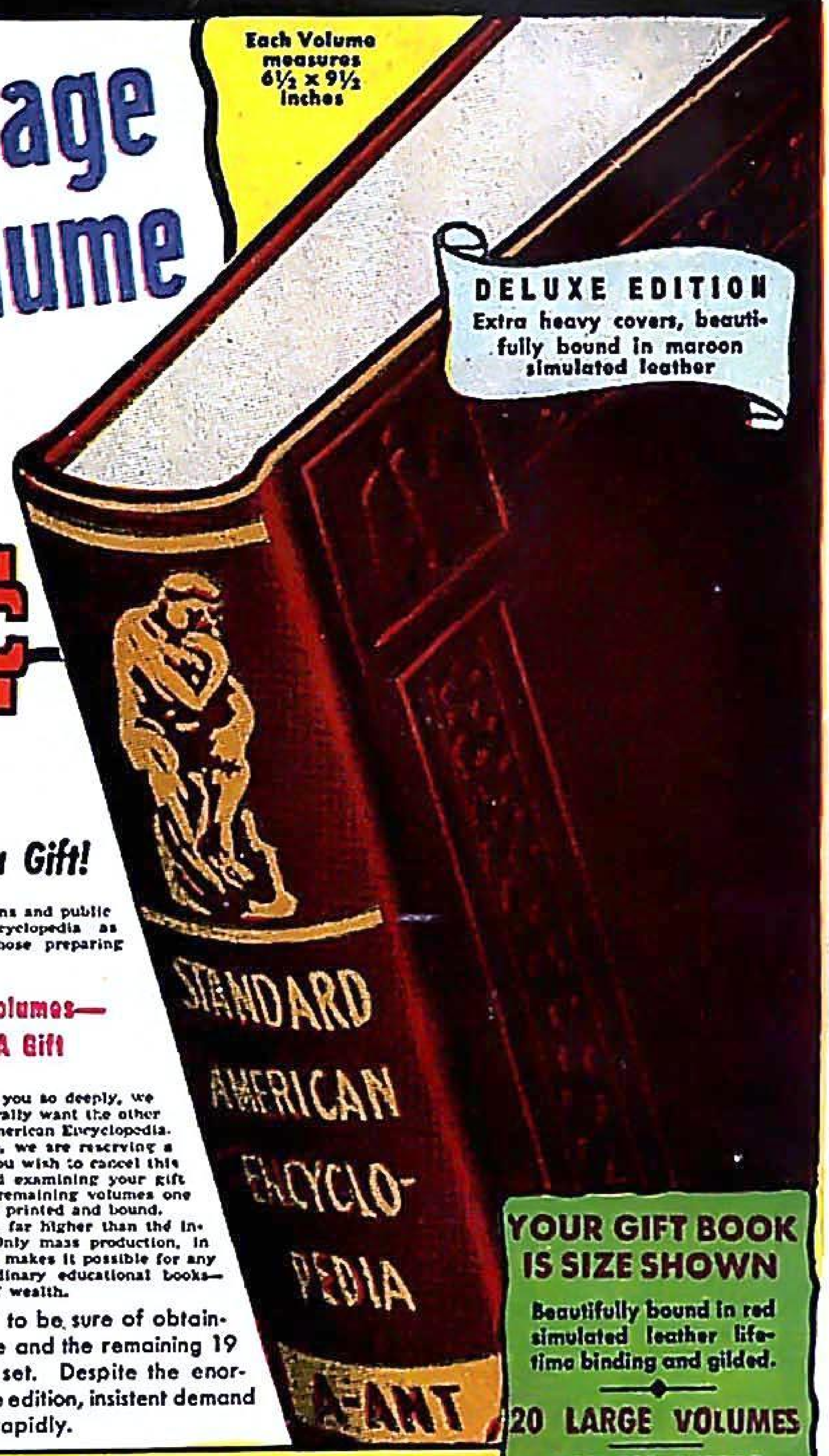
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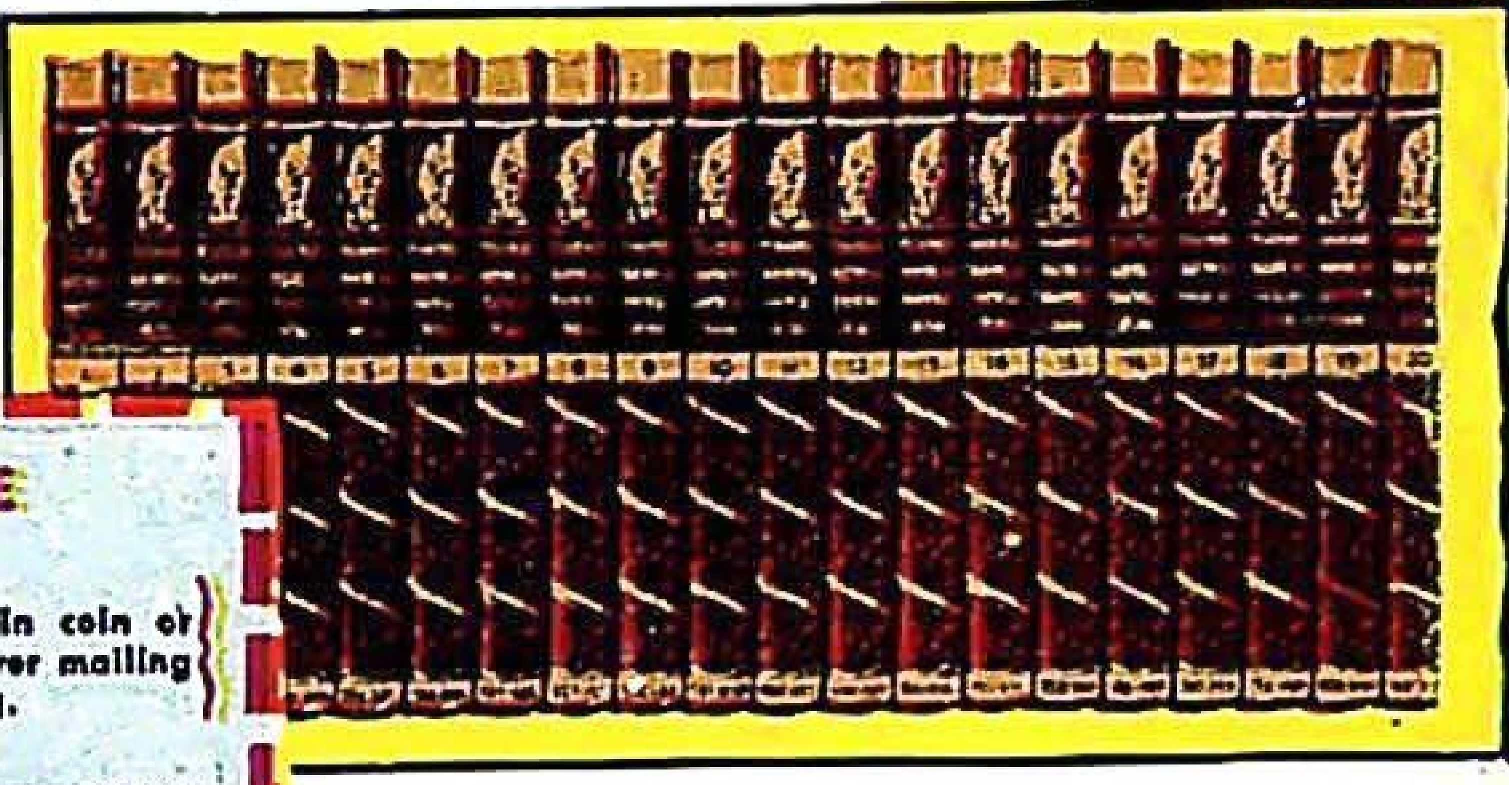

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